

The Gateway

A Merry Christmas

1928

VOL. XIX, No. 10.

FOURTEEN PAGES

Christmas

Christmas is with us again, and again we have the holly and the mistletoe, the turkey and plum-pudding, the many and mysterious packages with their warning that they must not be opened until a certain day. Again, through days of strenuous shopping, we dig into our pockets and play Santa Claus to the limit, or beyond the limits of our purses.

Somehow every year, we manage to work up "that Christmas spirit," and retain it for a few days before and after the great day, but with the turn of the years it disappears, and we settle back to business again. For a little while, however, we succeed in really enjoying ourselves by being as nice as we want towards everyone. Part of the reason why we enjoy ourselves so much is because we can be as kind and friendly as we like, and no one will think we are pushing ourselves forward, or looking for something to our own advantage. People jostle and shove in the crowded stores, and all get terribly tired and uncomfortable, but still, every weary shopper has a friendly, comradely feeling for every other tired dishevelled person, and for once is not afraid to show it. The words, "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men," have thrown a charm over us all: in our relations with strangers, we make ourselves happy by being entirely natural and not attempting to check our friendly impulses; and with our friends we experience something felt only too seldom in our busy world—a truly unselfish joy, the joy of doing our best to make someone else happy.

In this desire to impart pleasure, we no longer spend our money, so as to get a hundred cents worth of value for ourselves, but to try to get it for some friend. Then, to make our gift give more pleasure, we go to no end of trouble to make sure that it will be a complete surprise; we wrap it up most carefully in several layers of tissue paper, tie it with ribbon or tinsel, then cover it with seals, so that not a bit will show, and the recipient will have all the pleasure of opening it without guessing what it is. Strange, when it makes us

so happy to give pleasure to other people, that we don't try it often! Perhaps this Christmas spirit would be a little hard to keep up for twelve months, but it is a pity that a little of it, at least, cannot be spread over all the year. On the twenty-fourth of December, we forget all our little quarrels and petty grievances, and let the best side of our nature have full sway. We lose little by it, if anything, and we gain much in happiness, so much, indeed, that the only way we can find expression for our feelings is in the gayest of Christmas decorations, and the merriest of greetings to one another. If we could keep a little of this feeling of happy comradeship all through the year we would surely enjoy life from day to day more than we do now. Economically, perhaps, we might lose a little, but after all, we live only once, and is not happiness the great end for which we are all striving? Happiness, here and now, from one day to the next, for ourselves and others, would surely compensate us for the little money we might lose. To the benefit of ourselves and society as a whole, we could all allow ourselves to be influenced throughout the year by the words: "Peace on earth, and goodwill toward men."

This Christmas Spirit

"There may be, though I have not found them, Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive—"

That's what I feel about this Christmas spirit—where is it?

It may be in the newspapers, in the magazines and in the stores, but it is conspicuous by its absence on the campus. Of course there is the tentative tenor who started last November to practice "Good King Wenceslas" in his bathtub, but that feeling of festivity, that bubbling jollity, that "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit associated with the season—what has happened to it?

Let's get together and do something about it.

You agree that most of our hours, sleeping and waking, are spent in the lecture rooms—surely a few tasteful

A Story From The Bible

By LEROV

Lerov, an avowed discreditor of Christianity, is going to tell a story about the great founder of that creed which is one of the most beautiful things in all the history of humanity. If men could accept the lesson of this story, it would be the world's greatest Christmas gift to itself. (It won't, of course; even Christianity accepts it only to forget it, in those orgies of intolerance which have caused and cause so many of the world's ills.) But to come to the point, here is the story; everyone knows it; the most beautiful story ever told:

A quiet afternoon in Ancient Jerusalem. A lonely, thoughtful man, his face sweet with the love of his fellow man which it reflects, walks slowly down the street. The sultry calm of the afternoon is suddenly broken by harsh cries and the clamoring of a mob, and the interested observer pauses in surprise. Around the corner of the old corner building comes a woman, her clothes torn, her hair dishevelled, blood running from a jagged cut in her forehead, despair written in her eyes. The men and women behind her, transformed momentarily into beasts by the unreasoning anger which possesses them, pursue her savagely, curse and revile her, and unmercifully shower her with sticks and stones.

The watcher now thrusts himself hastily in front of the mob, Something in his bearing arrests the fanatic crowd, and when his voice is heard, it is clear and firm. The woman cowers before him in fear and shame, her hands hiding her face.

"What is this that ye do?"

Indignant at the interruption, but compelled to answer by the imperious magic of the demand, the crowd hurries to explain that this woman has been taken in sin, that she is an adulteress, and that by an old law she must be stoned to death.

The stranger's answer rings down the ages. It cuts through the walls of sophistication, and in its magnificent Truth, it appeals at once to the hearts of the world—pauper and prince, ignorant and wise; it is the quintessence of perfect morality; it is the key to the sumnum bonum of humanity:

"LET HIM AMONG YOU WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE."

If men could accept the lesson of these words, it would be the world's greatest Christmas gift to itself.

A Message From Dr. Wallace

I have been asked by the Editor of The Gateway to write a note for the last issue of the year. It would ill befit one who has yet much to learn, to give, as was suggested to me, any impressions of this University which might seem to carry with them the validity of final judgments. It is, however, possible to state and it is a pleasure to realize that the student paper is maintaining a tone, in the recording of news, in the reflection of the editorial mind and in the best of the literary contributions from student pens, of which the University and the student body need not be ashamed. And as time goes on the poetic muse may find fuller expression than hitherto in the pages of the paper, as an earnest of a growing appreciation on these western plains of beauty of form and dignity of thought among the literati of the younger generation.

In his Memoirs, Mark Pattison discusses with particular enthusiasm the conception which his one time tutor at Oriel—Newman—had of the function of a university. "All knowledge whatever", Newman wrote in 1852, "is taken into account in a university as being the special seat of that large philosophy which embraces and locates truth of every kind and every method of attaining it." Students have taken part in far-reaching movements since the days of the Tractarian struggle and students will be in the forefront of far-reaching movements in the future. Their efforts will count to the degree that Newman's ideal is being realized in the university to which they belong. And in achieving that ideal the students are a greater force than they know. If we demand the truth the truth will be given us.

In the setting of a practical country, with its demands which must be met by all the institutions of the State, one feels that Newman's conception of a university remains still profoundly true. It is a large and liberal ideal to which we may well aspire in the University of Alberta, and to which, I trust, we are moving with no uncertain footsteps.

ROBT. C. WALLACE,
President.

decorations might keep alive that Christmas joie de vivre throughout the most soporific physics lectures. Why not a tasteful scheme of holly and red and green paper streamers, and mistletoe—lots of it—mistletoe in all those dark corners.

We could do with a Yule log or two. They should be dragged through the snow by rosy-cheeked lads and lasses, possibly to the accompaniment of shanties—"Heave-ho, my hearties!"—anyway, we all sit around it, gazing into its glowing fiery heart, what time the chestnuts

roast in its blaze and the cruel wind whistles in the chimney.

There's a lot to be said for that old-time custom of singing Christmas carols—and most people have said it. But why can't we go and stand outside Pembina, complete with glowing lanterns, making the night ring

with melodious strains of "Noel," "God rest ye, merry gentlemen," and other such. Perhaps they'd throw us dimes and nickels and things, and then we'd repair to "Ye Red Lion" to slake our manly thirsts with honest nut-brown ale. The idea grows on me!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS?

Ken MacKenzie, B.A.; Ask me December 26th.

W. E. Bowser, Ag. '30: With only one pair of socks left, what's the use? Kae Craig, Arts '31: Yes, because he gave me to my mother for a Christmas box.

Zella Oliver, Arts '32: I always do at this time of year—past experience, you know.

J. Benson, Arts '30: I don't see why I shouldn't: I wasn't born on the twenty-ninth of February.

Irene Gibbons, Arts '30: Yes, I haven't grown up yet.

Earl C. Smith, Med. '33: There is a Santa Claus—somebody just called off a lecture.

H. Sorenson, Arts '30: No; it doesn't work any more.

Leo Gowda, Arts and Dentistry '34: We will know more about it when we get our test marks.

Frank Barclay, Com. '31: From the standpoint of commerce, it helps.

Jean Knowlan, Arts '30: Why worry? Greater people have believed in him.

Man's Idealism Finds Various Expressions Through Ages

Assistant Professor Jones Lectures to Philosophical Society on Utopias Ancient and Modern—Present Idealistic States are Protest Against Individualism

The subject of utopias was dealt with by Asst. Professor Jones, of the English Department, before a members' meeting of the Philosophical Society on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 12, in a manner which combined most attractively literature and philosophy.

The lecturer began with the disposition so well illustrated in the traditions of many nations to look backward for golden ages; thus, for example, the Greeks and Romans placed their ages of gold in the days of Kronos and Saturn, somewhere in the remote past of their national existences. Here Mr. Jones most interestingly linked the Roman Saturnalia with our own approaching Christmas festival.

Ruskin and Morris on Utopias

Speaking next of what may be called the literary golden age, which is rather the creation of the imagination of some gifted writer than the myth of a whole race, he touched on the work of the Alexandrian Theocritus and its perpetuation in English literature in the "Faerie Queen" of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." In both of these the Christian conception and ideal is made to blend with classic physiology and viewpoint in a remarkable manner which reaches its high point in Milton.

Future Hopes

Visions of the future, the sense in which we of today usually understand utopias, are often due to current ideas of good things in the past, to the belief that the age of gold which once has been will return to men. But such a work as the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More is no mere exercise of fancy or of hope; it is a serious study of existing social conditions in Tudor England with a sketch of a society in which such conditions are improved enormously. It contains doctrine remarkable for its own time or for any time, and has conspicuously shaken off the cold asceticism of the middle ages in its frank adoption of the idea of the necessity of happiness for the enjoyment of the "good life." Sir Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis", published a century later, takes the same viewpoint, but the approach is even more profoundly modern in that its author, anticipating twentieth century utopias, finds in science the universal panacea.

The utopia of Jean Jacques Rousseau, as set forth in his "Social Contract," postulates a return to nature. It is frankly based, like the classic utopias, on the notion of an ant-

M. DE SAVOIE PARLE AU CERCLE FRANCAIS

L'oeuvre philosophique de Lamartine; ses théories sur l'âme humaine

Le sujet développé par M. de Savoie fut le suivant: "Comment on atteint l'humanité et comment on la perfectionne jusqu'à la divinité, d'après la théorie cosmique exposée dans l'œuvre de Lamartine. Cette conférence fut un exposé des grandes lignes du Boudhisme et M. de Savoie édifiés ses explications sur un poème de Lamartine, "La chute d'un ange," qui a pour base la réincarnation des âmes. Comment on atteint l'humanité? La Vie, placée dans la matière par le Logos, se perfectionne jusqu'au point où elle devient digne d'animer un être humain; alors une parcelle divine, versée dans une force vitale en fait une âme humaine. Comment cette humanité devient divine? Par l'épuration des trois corps, physique, émotionnel et mental, dont les vibrations doivent devenir assez fines pour servir de communication entre la parcelle divine qui est en nous et la source de vie universelle. D'après la philosophie antique, toutes les âmes sont donc créées égales et toutes les âmes parviennent à la perfection et à la réunion avec Dieu, à travers une réincarnation.

Did You See—?

Harry Acheson throwing snowballs at the Freshetters last week. Cam Sproule causing an uproar on playnight as he walked down the aisle.

Maude Riley causing the same uproar. And now Peter Kilburn is blockading the front door of Pembina at the noon hour. Al Harding parked on a cushion in the gallery on playnight. Reg Hart perusing Dorothy Dix. Helen Saunders weeping because the Christmas Banquet has been called off. Bill McIntyre gesturing wildly in a Math. class last week. Florence Bark hanging over the gallery on playnight. Ronald Richardson with company taking in the Schubert concert Sunday afternoon. Murdo Nicholson exchanging pretty adieux with a sweet young co-ed outside the Stiff Lab. Ronald Rawlinson again evading some work. Elsie Young careening over a stool in the Tuck Shop. "Mac" MacDannold before the Tuck gazing abstractedly into the heavens from the middle of the road. Frank Wintemute searching frantically for a match in the Tuck. Vera Palmer cornering two young specimens of the male sex one morning. Edgar Murray sleeping soundly on the Common Room table. Herb Surples saying his pieces in The Gateway office. Ned Ambrose expounding on Millikan Rays, to the edification of some, and the mystification of others.

CO-EDS, ATTENTION!

Varsity girls may purchase swimming tickets at the Y.W.C.A. at the rate of 17 swims for \$2.50. This ticket is not good after Feb. 28, 1929.

President Gives Outline of Development of Universities

New Students Hear That First Universities Were Individual Classes—Hazing Practiced by Early Collegiates—Modern Universities Must Satisfy People

On Tuesday Dr. Wallace gave his students were excluded from the second address to the new students. In his talk dealt chiefly with the development of universities, from the early times up to the present, and with the modern systems of university management.

Dr. Wallace told how, in the early times, the word "universities" meant a guild or gathering. This meaning was given because the first university was composed of a body of young men who gathered about an outstanding school or philosopher, who could impart his knowledge or ideals to those about him. Probably the Greeks were the first to commence this system. First, independent leaders attracted large classes without any attempt at organization. Soon, however, we find from texts that the class spirit was begun. Dr. Wallace here read a short passage, dealing with the treatment of the freshmen by the older students. The similarity of hazing was striking. Later, about the ninth century, we find Greek colonies in Italy. These were the real beginnings of the university. Salareno was the first medical college. This was followed by Bologna, which became famous for teaching law. The University of Paris soon made its appearance as a center of cultural art, classics and arts in general. As soon as foreign

RETIRING



HERB. HUTTON

Who, after a year of faithful service, is retiring from the Managing Editorship of The Gateway.

VARSITY BALL

The second annual Varsity Ball, to be held on the 27th December at the Palliser Hotel, Calgary, is already away to a good start, according to information received from the southern city. The committee in charge threaten to put on a real Varsity night and a dance which will put most of our major functions in the shade. Several innovations are promised, the nature of which we are unable to divulge, but everyone may rest assured that they are well worth while.

Bob Frittie, Eric Stuart, Chrichton and French Bourque have been supplied with tickets for all those who are going to be in Calgary this Christmas, in order that they may be assured of the necessary open sesame; as from present indications the number wishing tickets is going to exceed the number of tickets available, as the maximum attendance is being limited to 250.

The Lieutenant-Governor and our new President are among the distinguished patrons.

The Ball last year was such a tremendous success that the committee is assured of a record crowd and as a result is insisting upon reservations being made by the 12th of December. This is a rather difficult time for the gang to dig down into their respective jeans, but it is better to do so now than to find upon arriving home that there are no tickets available.

bina, with college Romeos fretting while they watch the clock. "It's fifteen minutes since she was called—there she is!" "Oh, I hope I didn't keep you waiting?" "No, no."

What a crowd. "I'll find you back here." A flustered reception committee. "This side—this side. What, supper?" A whispering sax. "We'll not forget this in a hurry, will we?" "Isn't the floor great tonight?" "That's that. Now I wonder where I will meet Jim?"

Dancing. "Funny I never met you till tonight." "Keen orchestra"—"Old Man Sunshine"—"Let's go in there, where there aren't so many couples." And so on.

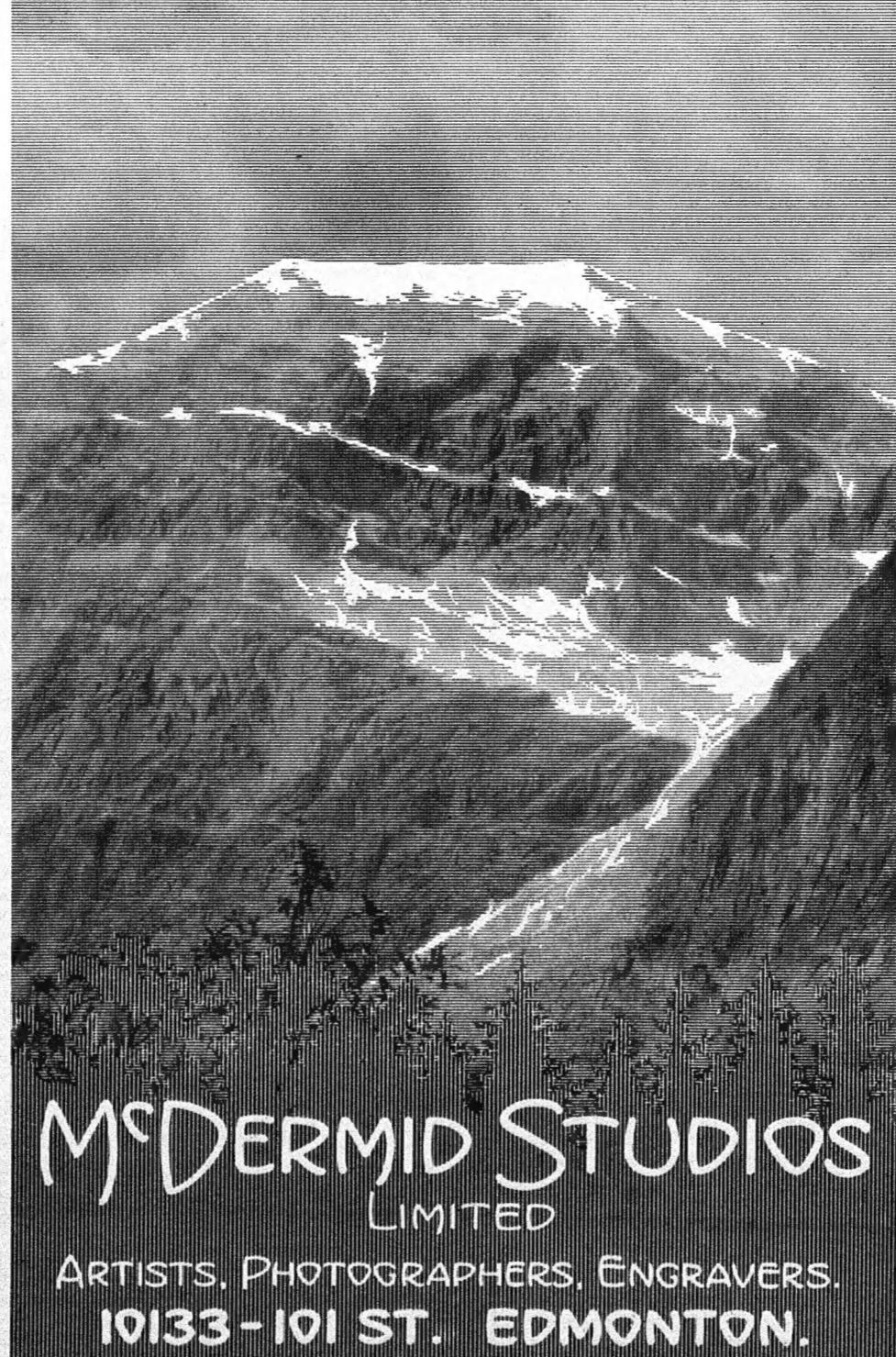
"When do we eat?" "Oh, yes, the second supper." "Pretty snappy extras they're putting on." "Oh, very." "The Desert Song—I feel like that too. There's the water hole over there." "Sure, let's go."

Dinner by candle light. "Did you ever?" "There are only two girls in my life and you're both of them." "Really now?" "Isn't that violin selection marvellous?" Gotta dance again.

"Great, isn't it?" "Why aren't all the dances like this?" "Who said they weren't?" "You're hopeless now I'll have to take you home." "Have a good time?" "I thought you'd say that." "How could you?" "Anyhow—happy dreams."

And so back to this worldly world of ours, of sunshine, work, and its memories till—next time.

To
The Students
and Staff
of the
University
of
Alberta



McDERMID STUDIOS
LIMITED
ARTISTS. PHOTOGRAPHERS. ENGRAVERS.
10133-101 ST. EDMONTON.

May this
Christmas Season
bring forth Joy
and Merriment
and may success
be yours in
the New Year.

1928 Anniversary Brings Reminiscences And Prophecies

FIRST FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY



EIGHT PIONEERS IN EDUCATION

Above are shown the group of educational enthusiasts who comprised the staff of the University of Alberta in its beginning—1908.

Early Issues Of The Gateway Hindered By Many Obstacles

Only Great Spirit and Determination Made Students' Publication Possible During Difficulties of Early History and Trials of the War

On Nov. 21, 1910, the first number of a little monthly magazine which bore on its title page the name "The Gateway," appeared for the enjoyment and edification of the early students of the University of Alberta. This modest publication was the first-fruits of two attempts to found an organ of the Students' Union.

One of these attempts in 1909-10 had come so near to success that the editorial staff had been organized and the copy for the first issue prepared. Unfortunately the whole program had to be postponed because of financial troubles.

Early Difficulties

Despite the temporary inactivity of several members of the staff who were attacked by the terrible scourge of typhoid fever that afflicted the University during that winter, six issues of The Gateway were published in the first year of its existence.

In the following session the paper definitely attained a secure financial basis. This was in no small part the work of George D. Misener, the business manager.

A Noble List

But to extol one man of the many that have helped to make The Gateway what it is would be an injustice to the rest. Indeed the history of the paper, if it is ever written, can only be the history of one phase of the activities of many of the most able, zealous and industrious students that have ever studied in these halls. These first editors in especial, and their successors in no small degree, were and have been The Gateway; for, although their work has been a mirror of student activities, although they had the co-operation of their fellows, and although they always carried out their task of publication according to the contract assigned, it was their zeal that made the paper possible, and their spirit that made it worthy of its purpose.

This addition to the number of university publications was received with much enthusiasm by its contemporaries. It appeared that the neophyte added a new quality to the style of student publications. Although the influence of this quality—sprightly humour—has lasted down to the present time, we can hardly believe that it was so strong in the early days of the paper as to give justification to the following remark of an eastern publication: "The Gateway smacks more of the Eye-opener than of college halls."

An Experiment

During the trying period of the war The Gateway naturally suffered many difficulties. But during this period it was changed to a weekly, a form which it has kept ever since, with the exception of a short period shortly after the war, during which a monthly magazine covering the fields of industry, science and letters was published supplementally to the weekly. It is interesting, in the

A Note From Dean Howes

It is not easy to deliver a message to the readers of The Gateway with any remote assurance that there will be enough that is original or comparatively new in it to catch the hurried fancy at Christmastide. There is, however, one somewhat elusive thought that I wish I were able to pass on to the readers of this paper, but it is difficult to put it in words, because its foundation is almost wholly made up of that conglomeration of material known as College Spirit.

I wonder if others have felt, as I have felt during the latter part of 1928, that there is something of a new movement forward in the whole machinery of the institution. We seem to be at that stage in a cycle when most of us are wishing to try to do a little better than we did before. The winning of the W.C.I.A.U. track championship gave a great impetus to this feeling, but the movement did not begin with that. The winning of the Rugby championship also can only be looked upon as a part of the proposition. If we are athletic fans, or perhaps if we are not, we are willing to give due credit to coaches and managers. We give credit to our new President for inspiring, kindly and effective manner and practice. Explain it as one will, the fact remains that there exists a feeling that we are on our way and have at least a fair idea of where we are going.

I am concerned that all our student body should grasp the idea that a new push is under way; the maintenance of that elusive factor in college spirit will be made a more continued thing if all grasp the significance of its existence. It will mean that more of the students will turn out to contests, athletic or literary; will be even willing to forego some of the little luxuries that have become a habit, in order to spend the money thus saved in attendance upon University functions. It may even mean that they will continue to attend when our side is losing and that, in the main, will be a new experience, and will bring joy to the hearts of our gayly picturesque cheer

ANNUS MIRABILIS

The Editor tells me that all the Deans are asked to contribute to the Christmas Gateway! Was it malice, or a lack of that nice sense of proportion inherent in the academic tradition or merely a mistaken kindness that incited the Editor to number a mere professor with these official Beings, steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord? "What should I do?" said I to myself, "in that galley?" and was on the point of refusing, when the Editor added: "You see we want to make this number of The Gateway a souvenir of our *Annus Mirabilis*."

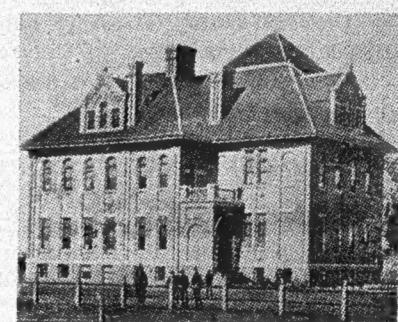
Our *Annus Mirabilis*! Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings! How could any lover of Dryden resist the savour of that? For it has been—is being—an *Annus Mirabilis*; and perhaps it is not altogether inappropriate that among the celebrants should be one whose memories antedate officialdom, and go back to a time when a president and four professors and some thirty-five students assembled in the attic of a Strathcona public school and said—with whatever misgivings—"This is a University." There weren't any books, there wasn't any laboratory apparatus, or anywhere to put books or apparatus if we had had them. There wasn't anything that the rankest flattery could call a curriculum, and there was only the loosest beginning of an organization. And half the time, the president and the four professors were dodging about the sparsely settled province from village to village, from rabbit-path to rabbit-path, trying to "carry the University to the people." I think that even the prairie-dog villages would have been included in our itineraries, if the habits of the prairie-dog had been a little more encouraging. Our audiences, with no holes to pop into, usually stuck it out to the bitter end.

Is it strange that to one whose memories go back to that primitive time and to each expanding year from then to now, this twentieth year should seem a rather moving moment in our annals? Athletic triumphs, football, track and field? You will celebrate them in other pages of this issue, not more jubilantly perhaps than I, but certainly more intelligently. Nothing could be more happily opportune than that these triumphs should have come to crown both our twentieth anniversary and the beginning of a new regime. And not in athletics merely but in that academic life which (believe it or not, you young bloods) we are really here for, there is an electric quality in the air, a sense of forging ahead, a taking of breath for new things.

And there is new president. Let not Paul be forgotten in Apollos. The man who, leaving us last year, said "Go on from this," is just as truly a part of our *Annus Mirabilis* as if he were with us still. But you students who will (perhaps) read these words, can have no adequate conception of how the new man is taking hold, with what unselfish devotion, with what wise impartiality, with what clear foresight. You will come to that knowledge as you get to know him better. Celebrate the *Annus Mirabilis* by all means. But whether or not you continue to sweep the decks in athletics, my guess is that you will look back upon this year not so much for its achievements as for its beginnings. After twenty years of foundation-laying, new ways are opening. That is really what the *Annus Mirabilis* means to us.

E. K. BROADUS.

THE UNIVERSITY—1908!



FIRST HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY

This building, which is now part of the Queen Alexandra School, was the original home of the University of Alberta. To be more specific—the University was in the fourth floor!

Many Years Ago

(Being excerpts from 1912 to 1915 issues of The Gateway—which was then a monthly)

April 1912—

The distance between Robertson College and the University prevents the students of this college from contributing in any degree to University activities. The erection of a building on the University grounds will remove this obstacle.

Also April—

University of New Brunswick Monthly: "We have always had a healthy laugh whenever The Gateway comes. Most college magazines are taking themselves too seriously. Let them unbend a little and see the funny side of life."

Oct. 1912—

The Registrar informs us that there are now in residence 120 students, besides members of the staff, while the books show a total enrollment of 130. The classification is as follows: Arts and Science 41, Theology 21, Matriculation 52, some overlapping accounting for the discrepancy in figures.

January, 1913—

Editorial
The introduction of postal delivery on the south side reminds us of our advantages at the University. On first returning from a prolonged stay in the country, where you walk, ride or swim five miles for the weekly mail, you appreciate very much the facilities for getting and sending mail in Athabasca Hall, but as months pass by there gradually sinks into your consciousness the feeling that postal facilities are not what they seem. When you go up at 9

(Continued on Page 14)

STUDENTS OF 1908



THE FIRST STUDENT BODY

Which presents a contrast to the 1928 student body in more respects than mere numbers.

leaders. It may be that this new

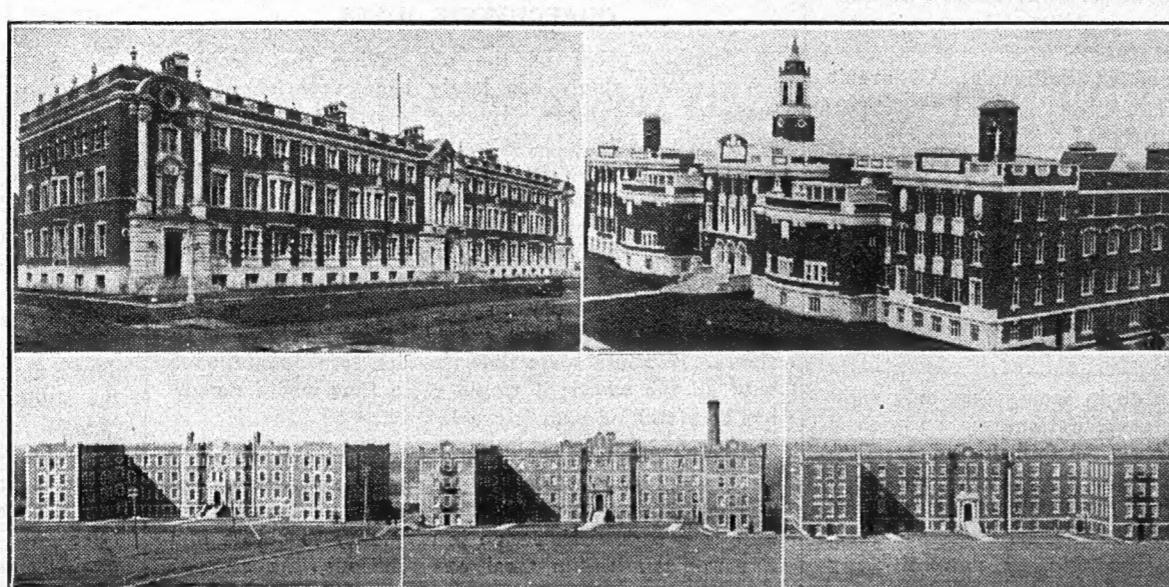
faith manifest in us shall result in a better sporting spirit all around. One can conceive that even certain timid souls will be content to date up dance programmes not more than a month in advance. Perhaps the realization of a more active college spirit will enable our student body to view with a good-natured tolerance the periodical outbursts of transports of criticism as to student behaviour, realizing that a certain type of people we must always have with us: that perhaps they are good for our souls on the principle that David Harum once elucidated, when he took the dog and the irritating flea as examples for his humble picture.

The foregoing is somewhat wanting in statement, but one not altogether without direction. It is hoped that between the lines will be read a plea for all hands to get together in consolidating our gains in the improvement of college spirit, each one thenceforward doing his bit to see that the movement is a sustained one.

This can only be accomplished by studied unselfishness and a rational implementation of that message which we are told first echoed o'er Judea's plains.

To use a slang expression, we have been going some, and, in the words of the old negro who was out of breath, running away from a synthetic ghost, "when we get our breath, let us go some more." Watch 1929!

AS IT IS TODAY



THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, 1928

Above are shown some of the University buildings today. The Arts and Medical buildings and the residences are shown; lack of space prevents us showing the other buildings.

Herbert Hoover

(While we are reminiscing, it seems fitting to publish this excerpt from the 1920 columns of The Gateway. It is a message from Herbert Hoover, President-elect of the United States.)

Stanford University, Cal., July 29, 1920.

The Editor,
The Gateway,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Canada.

Dear Sir:

I am very glad to have the opportunity to express even partly the profound admiration which we all hold for the great country to the north of us and the demonstration of devotion to the high ideals of our race that it made during the war.

It has been my good fortune to come into contact not only with the Canadian people at home and to have witnessed their valor on the front, but also to have received support in the administration of relief measures in Belgium and other parts of Europe through Canadian charity to an extraordinary degree. The contributions of Canada to the funds of which I had the administration have been larger per capita than any other section of the English-speaking people.

The great social and industrial problems of the Canadian people and ourselves are identical, and we are jointly interested in the development of far-reaching steps in the solution of these matters. The fundamental solution lies in the direction of leadership devoted to public service, and this responsibility rests upon our colleges and universities.

Yours faithfully,

Herbert Hoover



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

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Circulation Manager Harvey Fish

1908-1928

The University of Alberta, on their twenty-first birthday, having reached the age of discretion, may look back with pride to her achievements. In twenty-one years she has developed from a University with three teachers to one of the foremost in Canada, with five faculties, a staff of over 200, an imposing group of buildings which include a beautiful Arts building, a Medical building which is said to be one of the finest on the continent, three science buildings, the two colleges of St. Andrew's and St. Joseph's, the University Hospital, the Agricultural School, and the residences. Last year saw the completion of the covered rink, and this year a new building, the Plant Pathology Laboratory, has been added. While material development is not everything, it is at least a sign, in this case, of cultural and intellectual development.

The first three months of the 1928-29 session has shown a movement and growth and life remarkable for so young a University, in a province of six hundred thousand people. The coming of the new President, who in the short time he has been here has entered into all sides of University activities with an enthusiasm and unostentatious zeal which have won him the unqualified admiration of everyone who has met him, has seen the University taking great strides along all lines.

The athletic victories reflect more than anything else the new University spirit. Prowess in athletics could not come from a University which was stagnating intellectually. Inter-university championships on the track and the grid, and bright prospects in every other department of sport, have contributed largely to a general toning-up of University spirit. A similar brightening up in other branches of student activities is constantly in evidence, and the formation of new organizations is a criterion of progress. If we were Casserole-Romeo, we would say that all that is needed now is a little life in The Gateway.

Altogether, 1928-29 looks like the University of Alberta's annus mirabilis.

"LEST WE FORGET"

Once again The Gateway has someone to congratulate; and in view of the fact that this is the Christmas season, and that a kind deed is worth more than a valuable gift, we feel that this particular congratulation is timely, even though the deed referred to took place over two weeks ago. We are thinking of the group of University girls who, about the first of December every year, go down the road to the University Hospital, and, masquerading as everything from gypsies to Bowery gamins, stage an entertainment for the crippled soldiers who live there. This little band of men gave all they could give for the nation, and as a result they are living a death-in-life existence, while the world rushes past, forgetful.

"Let us forget the past and look to the future" is the hasty and selfish and self-complacent answer which comes so readily to the lips of so many people when a plea is made to remember the veterans of the Great War. Far be it from us to live in the memory of those four and a half years in which all the nations erred and sinned on a scale hitherto unprecedented in the annals of Terrible Mistakes. But infinitely further be it from us to forget that during those years we acclaimed our soldiers as near-gods, that any man who donned a uniform was a hero, and that in November, 1918, as we rose to wipe away the tears of the Great War, we swore never to forget the men who had fought for us. And now—only ten years after that solemn vow—if a plea is made for those men who have nothing before them in life but time, we say, "Let us forget!" We recall Kipling's words: "It's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and Tommy get behind, but it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins', when there's trouble in the wind."

So we thank, in the name of a million veterans, the group of girls at our University who contribute annually a little brightness to those whom the nation has forgotten.

It is said that the Undergrad dance this year will be staged by the Agricultural Club. Let us hope no wild oats will be sown.

GUIDING TRADITIONS

The other day a group of students were discussing the future of this University. They traced its history and came to the conclusion that it has indeed attained an enviable position in a short time. They concluded that, if the University progresses as rapidly in the future as it has done in the past twenty years, it would become one of the great universities of the New World. Great in size, yes—and in equipment and staff. They agreed that the growth of our University has been due to the work of its faculty and its presidents, that the students, although they should have, had played little part in its progress.

The University of Alberta is very young. Even now, twenty years after its beginning, the students of this year may call themselves pioneers in its history. More especially is this true in the matter of forming traditions. All great universities have their student traditions, which are as much a part of the greatness of these institutions as are their buildings, equipment and teachers.

We have a few customs already at the U. of A. that are fast taking on a permanent aspect; but not until the rough corners are knocked off these customs will they become traditions. The students of these



IF EVER KNOWS
OF A BETTER 'OLE
GOTO IT ~

The "Sow's Ear," we are informed, is a column for the Couth, the Cultured, etc., and has even been called the Column with a Conscience. The editor seems to intimate that all other columns, including Casserole and the Engineers' Notes, are to be classed with such outbursts as the I.W.W. papers issued to the Great Unwashed. The best traditions of the British Empire, upheld even in Canada, cause us to repudiate such intimations—except as applied to the Engineers' column. To quote Mr. Thos. Chard:

"Casserole is an education in itself. An ed or co-ed reading this column learns as much as is good for him (or her) in four short years. The simple language of Casserole has taught me more than I ever hoped to know."

That Kilburn opines Mr. Chard has learned more than he hoped Mr. Chard could ever learn is beside the point.

* * *

Athletics for women should be barred. A newspaper tells us:

"At the Lincoln County picnic at Vineland, the rolling-pin throwing contest was won by Mrs. W. H. Upsall, who threw the rolling-pin sixty-seven feet. Mr. Upsall won the 100-yard dash for married men."

How easy to win the Cairns Cup, however, if co-eds with rolling-pins stood on the cinder track.

* * *

"Go to my father," the maiden said, To a spruce young man that had asked her to wed. And she knew that he knew that her father was dead, And he knew that she knew what a bad life pa had led;

And she knew that he knew what she meant when she said:

"Go to my father."

* * *

A co-ed writes to Casserole's editor, beginning, "Dear Sir." Page Mr. Jones, here's a polite girl. Her next words are not nearly so polite, however. She says:

"I thought Casserole was supposed to be funny." That's what makes it so funny.

* * *

Fair young real estate agent: "Could I interest you in Edmonton South?"

Timothy: "Lady, you could interest me anywhere."

* * *

Today's cynicism: The Scotchman was so tight that he paid for the drinks.

* * *

She: "Darling, will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

He: "Dearest, you will grow old, but you will never grow uglier."

* * *

"Pair of plus fours stolen." Another robbery of the male-bags.

* * *

Cambridge men are going in for ballet dancing. The question has been asked: "Will inter-varsity ballet dancing be substituted for boat races and football?" Imagine our Freddy on the stage in "Convo," balancing the other rugby players in place of the usual pigskin!

* * *

Did you see the Greasy Wagon? Pardon us—we meant D'Oyley Carte.

* * *

In "Around the Campus" in the Edmonton Journal, John Sutherland Agnew is referred to as Jack "Agnew." Doubtless because the dear lamb taught the Frosh to look to their mutton last September.

* * *

Finding new cracks for Cass isn't what it's cracked up to be. The biggest joke we can think of just now is ourselves.

* * *

It's come at last. Yes, Horace is dead. Everybody knew Horace, the bright-eyed little cockroach inhabiting the Tuck. Struck down in his prime, he was. Over-balancing in his daily walk—the fence act on the rim of Hancock's coffee cup, poor Horace fell into the grimy deep, nevermore to cheer the hearts of Varsity nature-lovers. Adieu, Horace . . .

* * *

Cheer up, mourners of Horace. The boys lost three of his brothers somewhere in the Med. We hope they come across you . . .

* * *

And then there's the Caledonian who went around with his mouth open because he heard there was a nip in the air.

* * *

The fact that scarlet fever seemed to start with the co-eds didn't noticeably cause Prom shieks to hold their lady friends at a distance. Quite the reverse.

* * *

Casserole has to be ready three weeks before Christmas in order to get into the special issue. Now we ask you, how can we write Christmas jokes when Christmas cheer is three weeks away at time of concocting this column?

* * *

Something we learned at Sullivan's: All aren't co-eds that twitter.

* * *

Two small boys were discussing Santa Claus. One of them was astonished to find that his friend did not believe in the good old saint, but was finally convinced by the skeptic that there was, indeed, no Santa Claus. He thought it over carefully for a moment. Then:

"By God, I'm going to look into this devil business, too."

early days have much to do in seeing that only right traditions are given for perpetuation.

Theatre Night, Initiation, The Snake Dance, University songs. The list is growing. Perhaps there is no better work that this year's Students' Council could do than to organize these things, remove from them all that is uncomfortable to non-university people, and put them in such a shape that they bring credit, rather than discredit, to the University of Alberta.

—E. M. J.



"Search for the truth is the noblest occupation of man; its publication a duty."—Madame de Staél.

University of Alberta, December 4, 1928.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In this day of protests, I wish to voice another, this time against your paper.

I have always been eminently satisfied with The Gateway as a student paper. It has not only been a reliable record of student activities, but it has worked hard to make those records interesting for its readers. In addition, your paper has stimulated literary activity, of a degree, among students.

But recently I think you have fallen down in your avowed object of serving the students. I refer, to come at last to the point, to your handling of the resignation of the President of the Students' Union. In your last issue you made a brief announcement to that effect, and said no more, and sent a great wave of curiosity billowing around the University.

Have we, the students, not a right to know what all this is about? Cannot we know why the President of our own students' organization has resigned, beyond the mere statement that he "felt unable to carry on in his position as President of the Union"? An overtnet business man tells me that our Students' Union is the most unreliable organization to do business with that there is in the city. Yet, instead of dealing with such important matters, The Gateway makes a brief announcement which is a veiled way of saying that things are going wrong—and leave us interested ones, we who have a right to know, in the dark.

Curiously yours,

H. M. L.

(EDITOR'S NOTE)

The Gateway has received, in addition to the above, a number of protests in letter form about certain subjects which are now agitating the student mind. I realize that The Gateway is the student organ, and that the students have a right to express their opinion therein; and I will do everything possible to make the paper the vehicle of student opinion. Nevertheless, after considering the matter very carefully, I have come to the conclusion that the letters in question should not be published. I may be in sympathy with the protests, but I feel that they may so injure personal reputations that I am not warranted in publishing them.

—THE EDITOR.



Syracuse University is becoming more and more difficult to enter every day. Such is not the wail of high school students who would enter the University, but the plaint of automobile drivers who would enter the campus.—Syracuse Daily Orange.

Once there was a young college man who made such a success as a member of the debating team that he was offered a movie contract.

The Lord made Eve to please Adam. 'Tis well he planned it that way. Had he tried to make Adam to please Eve

He'd be tinkering with him today.

—The Brunswickian.

"Co-eds on the whole do not need reducing," states Lulu E. Swergard, posture expert and assistant in health education at the Columbia University teacher's college, who was a lecturer in Kinesiology at the university during summer session.

"On the contrary," she contended, "50 per cent. of them need to put on weight. In an effort to remain thin, many girls today wreck their health, lose their muscle tone and correct posture through malnutrition, and thus fall an easy prey to disease."—The Daily Californian.

QUAEQUUM JUSTA

Another proof of the old saying that trouble never comes singly has lately been experienced by many of our number. Having been forced by illness to remain inactive for some time, and thus to fall far behind in their studies, they have had the still greater affliction of having missed certain tests. Consequently, however assiduous and energetic they may be in catching up in their work, no labor, no study, no brilliance can, under the present system, give them the same opportunity to attain high marks in the final examinations that would otherwise have been theirs. It would seem that the sick lose countenance with all the world; it would seem that where nature has been unkind man is cruel.

To be ill anywhere at any time is an evil; to be ill during tests is a calamity. Briefly, the regulation regarding a student who has missed a test through illness is this: if such action is necessary to obtain him a pass-mark in the final examinations, the student may be granted fifty per cent. of the value of the term test; otherwise no credit is given. Looking at this regulation in a common-sense manner, it appears to us to mean that sloth and ignorance are unjustly

Christmas SLIPPERS



HERE'S something that will be of almost daily service to the recipient—and for that reason the usefulness of Slippers makes them a desired gift. And what a wonderful selection is now being offered at prices that are so inviting to seekers of value!

95c. to \$4.50

95c. to \$4.50

WALK RITE

10125 101st Street

Bargain Basement

The Macdonald Hotel

Special Cabaret Dance Christmas Eve, 10 p.m. to 1. \$1.00 PER PERSON

Christmas Day Dinner 5:30 p.m. to 9. \$2.00 PER PERSON

WE WISH THE STUDENTS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY STAFF

A

Merry Christmas
and

A Happy New Year

PHONE 2555

101st STREET

rewarded for what they have lost, while from industry and intelligence is taken the just reward they have earned. This is certainly a great anomaly, that in this institution where learning is held in such high esteem, justice is so lightly regarded.

The more we compare the way in which we are compensated for unvolitionally missing a test to ways which are elsewhere practiced, and might be here, the more unjust and anomalous is ours shown to be. Since in most subjects two term tests are given it would be quite feasible to transfer the value of the missed one to the other; and in the case where one alone is given or both missed, to measure the student's ability only by the final one. We can imagine no system that is at once more simply and more just than this. Any objections that may be offered against that idea are met by the following: when, as in the present instance, so large a number have been compelled to miss tests special examination could be set for them. Here are two practical suggestions, either one of which, we believe, if incorporated in the University calendar, would add very materially to the justness of the fine body of rules to which we are subjected.



Where Men Shop
for Men Friends!

Bathrobes
Dressing Gowns
Smoking Jackets
Pyjamas
Hosiery
Shirts



—and Women Shop
for Men Friends!

Ties
Golf Hose
Sweaters
Scarfs
Handkerchiefs
Underwear

Christmas is here as usual and only ten days left in which to complete your Christmas shopping. We have arranged our store to save you many steps in your search for gifts for the "men who care." No need to run all over the city in a frantic search for the things that please. Give him something from Essery's. Every gift is nicely boxed and he will appreciate it, a great deal more if his gift is contained in a box from Essery's. Every man knows that if it is from Essery's then it must be the newest and latest. It is a mark of fine taste to choose your gifts from Essery's.

Neckwear

The latest in Italian, French and English Silk in all the latest and newest patterns. The smartest Ties we have ever shown and without a doubt some of the most moderate prices.

\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 to \$2.50
All in Fancy Gift Boxes, if desired

Shirts

FORSYTH AND ARROW
We have always maintained a reputation for the very finest and newest ideas in Shirts. We have them without collars and some with the one collar to match, and others with two collars. Genuine English Broadcloths, Percales and Luvicas, in the very newest and latest patterns and all sizes and sleeve lengths.

\$3.00, \$3.50 to \$6.00
All in Fancy Gift Boxes, if desired

Pyjamas

The intimate gift that is always acceptable—especially when it comes from Essery's. In fine broadcloth in plain colors with the fancy collars and cuffs, also in the new Luvicas in the very new Persian and Arabian patterns. We can think of nothing nicer as a gift for "him."

\$3.00 \$3.50 to \$8.00
Fancy Gift Boxes, if desired

Lounge Coats and Bath Robes

This is a selection that we are really proud to show you. Fancy velvets, silks, camel cloths and the very smart snake skins. Of course we have sizes for the young man of slim build and for the older man of more generous proportions. We guarantee that you will find something here that will undoubtedly please.

\$12.00, \$14.00, \$16.00 to \$35.00
Boxed in Fancy Boxes, of course

Christmas Shopper Specials!

These are two outstanding values that we recommend for earliest attention

Men's Shirts

In the genuine Forsyth and Arrow makes in genuine broadcloths and fancy percales. Of course these shirts are just as good as those at the regular price, but they are in broken sizes. For this reason we offer them to the first early shoppers at this huge reduction. Regular to \$3.50.

SPECIAL FOR EARLY SHOPPERS

\$1.95

Big Tie Special!

These splendid ties are all of imported silks and there is an immense selection to choose from. We are making up a special rack for early Christmas shoppers. Very Special, in fancy gift boxes

\$1.00

Men's Hosiery

The great choice of patterns allows you to choose easily and quickly, knowing that you are bound to please him from these new patterns. Fine wool cashmere, silk and wool and all silk.

In Fancy Gift Boxes, if desired

75c to \$1.50

New Scarfs

The tendency toward Persian patterns is shown in the new squares we are now showing. You have also a choice of the white silks with different patterns and checks. In reefer and English squares.

\$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5.00

All in Fancy Gift Boxes

Sweaters

When it comes to Sweaters we lead the field. In the silk and wool we are showing the new Coat Sweaters with two or four pockets, in trimmed and plain shades.

\$6.00 to \$9.00

The New Jumbo All Wool Sports Sweaters

We have all sizes in white, fawn, sheepskin, red, black and white, also the varsity colors. You make no mistake when you choose a Sweater for him, specially if he is curling or engaged in sport of any kind.

\$9.00 to \$14.00

Gloves, Handkerchiefs

We are glad to show you our Handkerchiefs in the real Irish Linen, and boxed in three or six. Fancy and plain initialed Handkerchiefs, also make a very acceptable gift. In boxes of three.

\$1.00 and \$1.50

Our huge assortment of Gloves gives you an immense range from which to make your choice. Buckskin, reindeer, peccary hog and capeskin. In lined and unlined styles, and all in fancy gift boxes.

\$2.50, \$3.50 to \$5.00



O'COATS

Perhaps it would be more in keeping if you present him with a new overcoat this Christmas. We have a selection that is only shown in the very finest stores on the North American continent. Because of this reason do not imagine that the prices are out of reach. We can quickly convince you that we can offer some of the finest values in the West.

\$35, \$40, \$45

SUITS

Recognized always as carrying only the highest grade stock of men's clothing we show you in men's and young men's suits the newest and the latest in styles and materials. We guarantee to give you a perfect fit no matter what your style may be. In the new silver stripes we have some exceptionally fine buys and an early call would be advisable in order to guarantee delivery by Christmas.

\$30, \$35, \$40



—and for the Social Occasions—THE CORRECT DRESS

We are authorities on the correct dress for every occasion. We can outfit you with the finest in tuxedos and other correct furnishings and everything we sell in this line we guarantee to be the best and offered to you at the most moderate prices.

TUXEDO SUITS, silk lined	\$30.00 to \$40.00	BLACK SILK HOSIERY	\$1.00 to \$1.25
TUXEDO VESTS in silk	\$5.00 to \$6.50	BOW TIES	60c to 75c
TUXEDO SHIRTS	\$3.50 to \$4.00	KREMENTZ DRESS BUTTON SETS, in leather sets.	
WHITE SCARFS	\$3.00 to \$3.50	at	\$3.00 to \$6.00

A SMALL DEPOSIT WILL HOLD ANY ARTICLE UNTIL CHRISTMAS EVE.

ESSERY & CO.

LIMITED

Next Door to Capitol Theatre

What's Wrong With The University

(Which speaks about a number of things: Pembinites, manners, education and "stings")

It would seem that the University has lately put on its woolen under-wear and, irritated past silent suffering, has sought to relieve its outraged feelings by scratching at every little annoyance that comes to its attention. One gentleman is wounded to find that co-eds will not make way for him as he hurries from classroom to classroom, begrudging the time lost in dawdling in the scented wake of these ornaments to our halls. Some even protest against the presence of the sex, and claim that there is no more to co-ed than meets the eye. And these perfect creatures, nobly planned, are forced to the cudgels in self-defence, and we are sorry to note, cut no attractive nor dignified figure in their rebuttals. Others, who accept the presence of their divinely ordained counterparts as inevitable, there being no place to flee from them in this vale of tears, suffer earache from jazz, cardiac troubles from Pembinites regulations, cataracts from gazing out of the Pig's Eye, indignation from the result of the Road race, and a sporting picture they present, too, or general debility from having to lunch at the Tuck.

It is all very annoying, though some seem to think it is laudable self-criticism of the institution instead of individual irritation. We sympathize with the gentleman whose progress towards Minerva is hampered by females of a lesser lustre. Co-education is indeed an evil, but it exists because everyone has gone

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Jasper and Ninth
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Operating one of the largest Permanent Waving Departments in Western Canada.

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IN THE PALLISER HOTEL

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1928

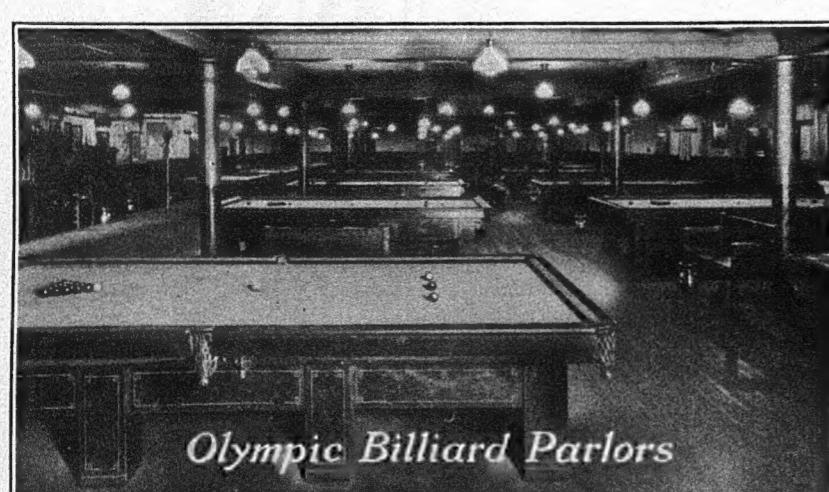
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Fountain Pens, Stationery, Kodaks, Toilet Sets, Perfumes, Compacts (see the "Pl"), Chocolates, Cigars, Xmas Cards, etc.

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WHERE GOOD FELLOWS MEET

10121 JASPER AVENUE.

C. E. MORRIS

things that they might be somewhat better without, and possibly would not have time for had they entered business.

The university student whose aim is merely to gain more knowledge can undoubtedly obtain his goal temporarily, the peak of his ambition arising immediately before the examinations. What good will this be to him afterwards, and what good to a person who enters business? From personal observation and experience I have not found that a college education of itself eliminates any of the lower rungs of the ladder. In fact, a person who devotes those four years to learning practical mercantile usage in a bank or reputable business firm is in a stronger position with regards an employer than an inexperienced graduate, though some compensating factors may arise in the latter case due to summer employment.

As regards what is actually learned at the university it is practically valueless, and the old defence about training the mind is piffle that ought to be exploded. The curricula are admittedly to train the mind, otherwise there would be no excuse for a lot that is taught. Even the glorious theories of business cycles are useless until an executive position has been reached, and by that time anyone of ordinary acumen will have discovered them. As to training the mind, I do not believe that pump in a lot of facts, stale with age and dusty with disease, is a training for the mind. It is because we have made our education a storehouse of the ideas of antiquity that our progress can be made the subject of debate. That is the reason that Gothic atrocities adorn our business sections and Roman pillars uphold the roofs of every financial building of note in the country. Creative thought is taught by induction. The Greeks and Romans worked out their needs in the materials at hand; but our needs and our materials are different. The skyscraper is a typical example of the creation by necessity out of the materials at hand.

The man who progresses, of course, fortifies himself with all the facts obtainable. But they are the relevant facts. What a nation leaves to posterity are the extrinsics of life, which have little place in every day life. We go to Art to learn those, but Art no longer goes to the University. Progress takes things as they are, not what things have been.

High Shots and Backfires

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

One-half of the worthy firm of Fagin being slightly under the weather, it falls on the other half to do the heavy thinking. Thanks to Sid Sillito, third year, the task is not so difficult. Thanks also to Bob Bainbridge. Now, fellows, try to guess which one of these two did you dirt in what follows.

What makes Engineers come late to lectures? Mr. Dick has the late stuff down to a science. Five minutes late two days out of three is this boy's average—try to beat it.

Harry Acheson once again comes into the limelight as an inventor. This time he has perfected a cigar-lighter—no flint, no liquids, always works. This lighter was perfected in the power-house lab.

Directions: Hold lighter in left-hand; open matchbox, remove match and light candle with right hand, blow out match and light cigar or cigarette with candle. Blow out candle before replacing in pocket.

We are informed that no third year lecture is officially under way until MacLaren is in his seat. Seems almost that he comes in with the aforementioned Mr. Dick.

Third year Engineers were recently honored with a very instructive lecture by Prof. Cook on Osgood's Yale Two-step. Unfortunately this is not a variation of the light fantastic, but the sordid Fundamental Theorem of the Integral Calculus.

We never read Casserole—that is, hardly ever—but we cannot pass over the slighting remarks made in that column in regard to Engineers. Our only retort is that the Engineers are the only fellow's in this man's

and works ahead, not backwards. Progress in higher education would provide courses whereby students may limber their minds with inductive reasoning and then provide them with the relevant material of today's problems, and let them work out their own solutions. When we perpetually look backwards, we stumble and fall. Like Lot's wife, we turn to a pillar of salt.

—C.W.C.

BALLAD OF A LOST SOUL

Last night the ghost of one long dead
Returned from Hades, took me by the arm.
My hair curled backwards. "Friend," he said,
"Fear not and wonder not. To you no harm
This night shall come, if ye but hearken now
To my commandments; know that I am one
These many years a resident below,
On toast, sir—front and rear I'm done
A golden brown,—but today my master
Has made amends with leave and sticking plaster."

"So I've come back. I used to know
This old world well, sir—too well, I suppose,
And ultimately down below
I landed wrong end up—but so life goes.
I'm not complaining, in my little day
I've lived and loved, I've travelled far and fast,
And high, sir, in a breezy, carefree way,
And heeded not the signposts, till at last
Wine, song and women,—especially the ladies—
Arranged my transfer from the earth to Hades."

"It was, I think, two hundred years
Or thereabouts, since that dark hour of grief
When I departed from this vale of tears
To warmer climates—warm beyond belief.
But all things end; this very afternoon
His bright Satanic majesty decreed
That I should have my freedom,—twas a boon
Most welcome, but, ere I was freed,
He warned me, 'Laddie,—if you return—'
He waved his pitchfork, 'Baby, won't you burn?'

He laughed—and made the room resound.
The bristles on my neck rose up apace.
He laughed, a hollow, ghostly sound,
And snapped his bony fingers in my face.
"Friend"—and his voice was ghostly, low,
"I have come back—the world is strange to me,—
I am alone, forlorn and friendless, so
You—my mentor and my guide shall be.
From this time forward I shall leave you never.
I'll haunt you always, night and day, forever."

"Shall haunt you always, night and day,
Through life and death and all eternity,
Unless you drive me far away,
To those dim regions, where I used to be."
I laughed outright, o'erjoyed beyond belief.
"All right, old boy," I told him, "back you go."
And still exuding sounds of glad relief,
Tuned in "Ramona" on the radio.
He never flinched—he never turned to hikie it.
Instead, he tapped his foot and seemed to like it!

He took my hand, I led him forth
Across the campus with a stifled sob,
And showed him horrors that the earth
Hides nowhere else,—the new path, lab.,
The coal dump, freshmen,—sights that might appal
The stoutest heart, but still he clung to me;
And last, I led him down a stately hall,
And showed him Mercury's immodesty.
He didn't blush, but smiled ghostly smile.
"This old world," quoth he, "has Hades licked a mile."

Some co-eds wandered through the door,
Talking of nothing, in their winsome way,
And moved en masse across the floor.
My ghostly comrade clutched me. "Say!"
He hissed, "What's coming?" "Ladies," I replied.
I heard the man from Hades splutter, choke—
The maidens drew still nearer,—from my side
He fled aghast,—only a wisp of smoke
Showed he had ever been,—and down the hall,
Echoed the wailing of a lost and lonely soul.

—E. A. McCourt.

SNOW

What say the skies tonight?
Snow—aye, the snow—
For the stars are points of light
Hanging low:
And above
Grey mists move
The moon glows in her shrouds
A gilded smear on murky clouds.

What say the skies tonight?
What will they make?
Snow—falling soft and light
Ere day shall break.

university who are trusted by the Waunetas. Ay. Ask 'em.

Percy Field hasn't got any "IT",
Though he speaks with charming in-
fection;

But he cares not a darn,
There's no cause for alarm—
He still has his school-girl com-
plexion.

George Moody asks: "Do girls
smoke in Pembina?" Our reply is
that they're not that hot.

Weekly household hint—supplied
by Art Twomey: If you place a piece
of buttered bread face downwards on
the egg-stain on the best table cloth,
said stain will not be noticed.

Advice to the love-lorn—conducted
by Jack Lucas:

Question: How can one drive when
one's lady friend keeps following
in one's eyes? The darn car follows a
curve.—Yours in trouble, J.R.B.J.

Answer: If your must drive, go
round and round the fountain on
Main Street.

A Russian chemist claims to have
discovered a fluid producing invis-
ibility of animals. It should prove a
boon to dance gate-crashers.

—FAGNIP.

L'Esprit

A prominent member of The Gate-
way staff was visiting a men's furni-
shing store on Friday, November
30th. That, it will be remembered,
was the Friday of the Junior Prom.

There he met a well known Gate-
way advertiser, who was carefully in-
specting the stock of dress collars.
The official greeted him, and began
forthwith to "kid" him about these

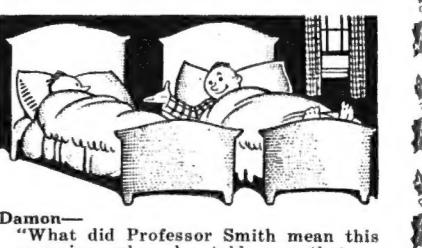
obnoxious preparations for the
night's entertainment.

"No, it's not that," said the ad-
vertiser seriously. "I'm not buying
this collar for myself. One of the
University boys sent a dress shirt
and collar to our laundry. We've
misled the collar somewhere. It'll
turn up of course. But I was just
thinking that perhaps that lad may
not have an extra collar for tonight."

"So you're buying him one your-
self?"

"Oh, yes. I don't want to see him
stuck for a collar after six o'clock.
Well, I gotta step on it to get this
on time. So long!"

Another romance, perhaps another
life had been saved. The hero was a
Gateway advertiser.


Damon—What did Professor Smith mean this morning when he told you that no man could ever make a silk purse out of sow's ear?
Pythias—He meant that I'd never be able to do good work with a poor pencil. Guess I'll have to get a Dixon's Eldorado. Old Smithy says it's the best drawing pencil made.

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"NO TWO ALIKE"

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CORK-TIPPED RED PACKAGE

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University Staff A Merry Christmas
and A Happy New Year

The Alberta Laundry Limited

Dramatic Shield is Won by Senior Play "The Valiant"

Inter-Year Play Night Was Big Success—Miss Black Considered Best Actress as Ballad Singer—Borrowman Best Actor as Condemned Prisoner

Before a packed house last Friday the Senior Class won the Dramatic Shield in the ninth Inter-year play competition. Long before the time for the curtain to rise the gallery was filled with lines of students, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to heckle any of their comrades that should choose to be two hundred per cent. present in the reserved sections. Throughout the plays, though, the crowd was most attentive, no signs of the much deplored "rowdiness" being evident. The University Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, played as overture, "Magic Flute" before the curtain rose on the first production of the evening.

"Cured"

The Freshman play, "Cured," dealt with one of those small domestic tragedies which are so ludicrous to all except the principals therein. The plot, in which the eternal triangle developed a most ungeometrical fourth point, was replete with humour. Dorothy Riley, as Mrs. Shepherd, acted the leading part to perfection. She was ably assisted by a clever and competent cast from the class of '32.

Following the curtain the orchestra played the selection "Countess Maritza."

"The Betrayal"

The Junior choice for a play was indeed a happy one—if such might be applied to a tragedy. "The Betrayal," by Padraic Colum, was acted with surpassing ability by the cast. Stark tragedy of the days when King's aid was accorded to a favoured few, and the threat of deportation was very real indeed, stalked the stage. Great praise is due to the talent of Miss Jean Black, who

acted the part of Peg, the Ballad Singer. The play offered excellent opportunities for the display of histrionic talent, and the class of '30 filled the role very capably. "Help" Priestley and Herb Surplice, as the villainous brothers Lefroy, were to be commended on their parts. Though it is not generally known, the Bellman, R. Fraser, was called on to serve at almost a moment's notice, yet despite the handicap his portrayal of the part was faultless.

"The Man in the Bowler Hat"

Another selection, "Summer's Evening," served as a prelude to the Sophomore play, "The Man in the Bowler Hat." It is indeed hard to render a comedy that is truly life-like, but this time it was done to perfection. Eric Gibbs, and Margaret Race, as the aging couple who wished that one of the old-time dreams had come true, just for the memories, lived their very parts. They were well supported by the remainder of the cast. Don Macdonald and Doris Calhoun, as Hero and Heroine, upheld all the traditions of the stage. A certain restiveness was

WINNING ACTRESS



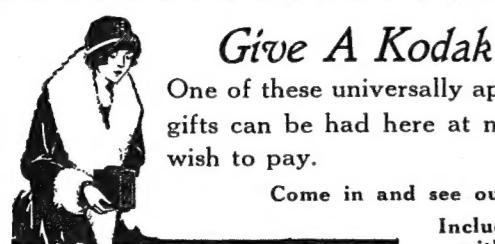
JEAN BLACK

Who, as "Peg the Ballad Singer" in the Junior play, "The Betrayal," won the crown as the night's best actress.

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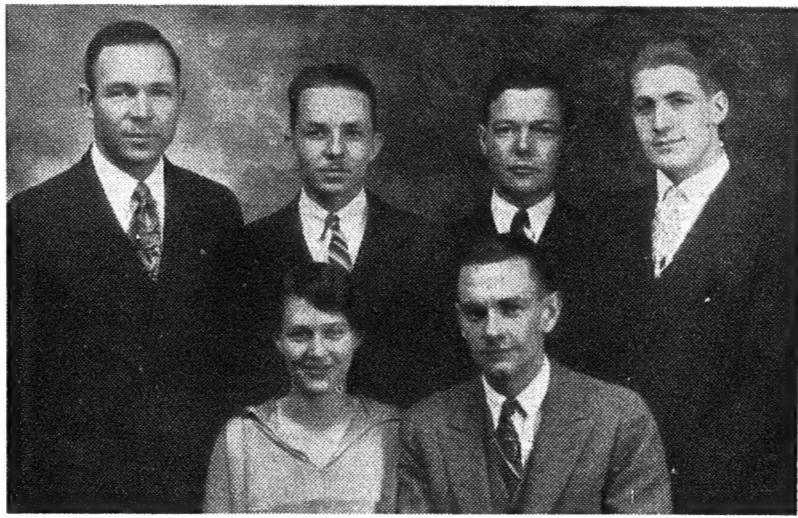
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INTER-YEAR WINNERS



THE SENIOR PLAY CAST

Which won the shield at the inter-year competition last Friday night. Top row: P. D. McArthur (Guard), Vic Gowan (Warden Holt), "Scotty" Neil (Orderly), Graham Caldwell (Father Daly). Sitting: Peggy Roseborough (The Sister), and Al Borrowman (The Prisoner).

apparent in the audience over some of the prolonged clinching during this act.

"The Valiant"

The Senior choice for a play was "The Valiant," by Robert Middlemass and Holworthy Hall. The story, the narrative of the last hour of a condemned prisoner in a Connecticut prison, was graphic to a marvellous degree. A Borrowman, who acted the part of the man who chose to die under the name of James Dyke, clothed the character in a robe of realism that won him unstinted applause. Vic Gowan, as the warden, and G. Caldwell, as Father Daly, lived the parts which they portrayed.

After the applause had subsided, the orchestra played another selection. In the meantime the votes were collected among the audience, as to who had portrayed his part the best. The judging, which was done by Miss M. Marriatt, Mr. A. B. Watt and Dr. Alexander, was brought to a quick and unanimous decision.

That their choices were the popular ones was evident by the hearty rounds of applause that greeted each announcement. The Senior Class was awarded the shield as victors in the competition. The judgment as to the best lady acting went to Miss Jean Black for her excellent portrayal of the Irish peasant woman Peg, in the Junior play, "The Betrayal." She had a most difficult part to play, but one that she acted faultlessly. The award for the best male actor went to Mr. Borrowman for his excellent rendering of the part of James Dyke in the Senior play, "The Valiant." The ballot vote taken by the audience closely agreed with the judges' decision on all three awards, as shown by the following:

Votes for Best Play

Senior, 369.
Junior, 26.
Sophomore, 24.

Votes for Best Actress

Miss Black, 230.
Miss Roseborough, 170.
Miss Reilly, 31.

Votes for Best Actor

Borrowman, 321.
Gibbs, 81.
Priestley, 18.

ACROSS SIXTEEN YEARS

Reminiscences of University Dramatics

By Prof. J. Adam

Looking back over the sixteen years of our Dramatic Society's activities, I find myself first reflecting not on the vicissitudes of the society, but on the contrast between the general dramatic outlook today and that of the years before the war. We did not know in 1912, when the society was formed, that the new theatre movement had passed the peak. It seemed as if, with the appearance of "Waste" and "Nan" and "Candida," the drama of realism was about to come into its kingdom. Twenty years before that, the influence and stimulus of Ibsen were at their greatest, and a new group of dramatists appeared who brought vitality and significance to the stage which had been moribund since Sheridan. English drama became suddenly adventurous and alert. The star actor passed; the play of ideas, as in Ibsen's dramaturgez, succeeded. Within these twenty years appeared the plays of Pinero, Jones, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker and Masefield. Granville Barker's productions at the Court Theatre revolutionised the technique of the stage, which at that time, in the hands of Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree, had been cluttered up with expensive but inexpensive accessories. The Irish players by their vivid unstilted speech, had given a new meaning to realistic drama. It seemed as if the new movement had but begun, and those who looked eagerly for the renaissance of English drama hailed with delight the production and publication of a succession of brilliant plays—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Voysey Inheritance," "The Silver Box," "Candida," and the "Tragedy of Nan." Whether the war brought this period to a premature close it is idle to surmise. It has not revived, though there have been added to the distinguished list such works as "Saint Joan" and "Mary Rose." That generation of dramatists has passed, and it yet too soon to speculate on the prospects held out by such new men as Ashley Dukes, Noel Conrad, Eugene O'Neill, and Sean O'Casey.

The First Presentation
It was in sympathy with the new movement that the early activities of our Dramatic Society were manifested, and, aptly enough, the very first performance given by the society was Act IV of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." From the first we kept in view the fact that drama belongs fundamentally to literature. Those who present a play on a university stage can only justify the production by leaving with the audience the impression that the play produced has something of literary merit and dramatic consistency and that no effort has been made to compete with the entertainment of the commercial theatre. This implied that those who took part in the play had some appreciation of drama as a literary vehicle, and were willing to contribute in this spirit to the presentation of a play. An enumeration of some of the year plays clearly shows this aim: "The Rivals," "Prunella," "Quality Street," "Joy," "The Admirable Crichton," "You Never Can Tell."

In order to foster a better understanding of drama and to help towards closer acquaintance with the modern trend of stage developments, the Dramatic Society set out a subject of study and held meetings at

The History of Inter-Year Plays With Suggestions for the future

By R. V. Clark

It is no easy task to write in a short space the history of Inter-year plays. They form a history in themselves, to recount which would fill a volume. However, here is an attempt.

Originating in a competition between the resident and non-resident students for a shield offered by Mr. J. T. Jones, Miss M. Summerhayes and Miss M. H. Villy, their primary intention was to give scope for the production of an original one-act play.

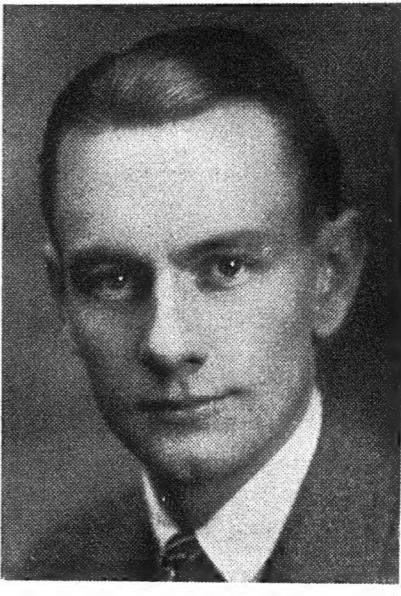
The original plays were few and far between, however, so that the choice became restricted to reputed one-act plays, and with the growth of the University the four classes each presented a thirty-minute play in competition for the now famous shield.

Winning Plays

The history of the Inter-year plays is engraved on that shield. As might be expected Senior years have most frequently been successful, with Juniors running a close second, but on one memorable occasion the Freshmen (Class '25) won it with "The Bishop's Candlesticks." Graduates will remember as outstanding successes, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," "Punch and Go," "The Dreamy Kid," whilst with these in recent years "Campbell of Kilmhor" and "The Valiant" doubtless take equal rank.

The value of Inter-year Play night is frequently questioned by those who see in it only an obviously amateur presentation of plays by amateur actors. In spite of its crudities, how-

WINNING ACTOR



"AL" BORROWMAN

Whose remarkably able portrayal of James Dyke, the prisoner, in the Senior play, "The Valiant," won for him the title of best actor of the

inter-year plays. ever, it is always very well attended, and with the excellent performances by the University Orchestra is fair value for the little it costs.

To those who take part, numbering usually between forty and sixty undergraduates, there is inestimable value in dramatic education, for the work of selecting plays and casts, providing scenery and properties, directing and financing is all conducted by the members of the different classes.

The Dramatic Society of the University has indeed grown and flourished, and today provides an opportunity for self-expression to the value of which those who have been associated with the society in their undergraduate days will bear willing testimony.

Suggestions

It is felt by many, however, that there is yet room for development and possibly reorganization. At one time the society numbered among its activities the holding of monthly meetings for the purpose of discussion and study of the drama. So many demands are made on the time of the students, however, that these have never prospered. Moreover there are now in the city half-a-dozen organizations which usually produce annual plays, including the University Women's Club. It is felt that if a society under such a name as "The Little Theatre Society" was established, embracing all these groups that each year a number of really worth-while productions could be achieved. The Convocation Hall stage is inadequate for the type of play such as was put on last year; but as a subsidiary branch of the Students' Union, the Dramatic Society cannot make the necessary guarantee for the renting of an over-town theatre. The audiences will not come all the way to the Arts Building, however worthy our productions may be, and the result is that after weeks of work the students have the meagre satisfaction of performing to a small audience on possibly two successive nights, and this with plays of such quality as the travelling professional companies cannot venture to bring because they are beyond the range of popular taste.

The proposal is that the Students' Literary Society continues to produce the Inter-year Plays and to stage whatever programs of a humorous or artistic nature of which it is capable. Now that "Med Night" is defunct, there is room for some lively undergraduate performances of not too pretentious a nature. Then let the Dramatic Society be dissociated from the Literary Society and form a nucleus about which the other dramatic units of the University and city may group themselves, having an organization comparable with the Philosophical Society.

The University of British Columbia has done this, and has been able to build a "Little Theatre" as a result. There is no reason why we should not take this next logical step in the growth and development of our Dramatic Society.

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Dr. MacEachran (chairman of the meeting): "Miss Misener, have you anything to say?"

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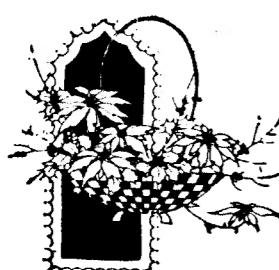
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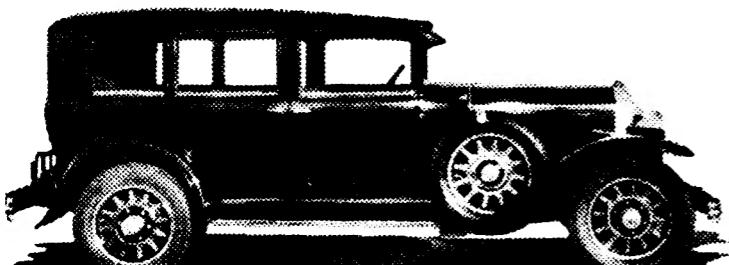
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Freshette (watching Johnson shadow boxing): "And is he really trying to hit his own shadow?"

Bystander: "Sure thing."

Freshette: "Good heavens! Poor darling, how long has he been like that?"

New Haven, Conn. (IP).—A formal call has been issued to the president of every fraternity on the Yale campus to appear in an effort to reorganize the interfraternity council lately disappeared. The fraternities have been subjected to severe criticism by the Yale Daily News and the Yale Alumni Weekly during the past few weeks.

Play Night--A Critique

By Stanley Smith

On hunting through the section of my files in which matters dramatic have peacefully reposed for some years, I find that the policy of publishing in *The Gateway* a frank and detailed criticism of the Inter-year Play Competition was started in the second year of these competitions.

On that occasion the critique did not appear until after the Christmas vacation, a procedure which is much to be commended, for it was no doubt largely due to the feeling of geniality induced by the intervening festive season that the critic escaped those dire consequences which have been known to fall on the heads of some of his less fortunate successors.

Criticism of the plays presented in these competitions naturally falls under two headings. Under the first comes the quality and suitability of the play chosen, and under the second the degree of success achieved in its presentation.

In limiting the choice of the Freshmen and Sophomores to comedy, the Dramatic Society has possibly imposed a real handicap on the two junior years which ought perhaps to be taken into consideration. Everyone who has had occasion to inquire into the matter knows only too well what a dearth there is of good one-act plays, and especially of comedies.

The Freshman Play
I am afraid there is very little to be said that is at all encouraging about the Freshman play, "Cured." The play itself is dull and lifeless. The characters are all very thinly drawn and are singularly lacking in that quality of individuality which is essential if the spark of comedy is to result from the clash of personalities.

Obviously one cannot feel very interested in a case of mistaken identity when the people involved are not strongly differentiated one from another. The acting, handicapped from the outset by the nature of the play, could not rise to a very high level. The only member of the cast who gave us any feeling of illusion at all was Miss Dunham as Mrs. Price; she was quite effectively crisp and knew how and when to move. The most noticeable defects were gestures devoid of significance and a lack of coordination between state of mind, inflection of voice and movement.

Glaring examples of these were the "Hello! sweetheart!" of Mr. Shepherd and the frequently iterated phrase, "Oh, my God!" of Mrs. Shepherd. There was far too much movement while speaking and a marked tendency, especially on the part of Mrs. Shepherd, to address the audience.

It is generally admitted that the most difficult rôle for an undergraduate to take is that of an elderly person, but why is it always thought necessary to adopt a cracked falsetto voice in the playing of such a part? This practice almost inevitably reduces the part to that of caricature. The lighting, which by the way was poor in all the three first plays, was particularly bad in this one. When the actors were seated, a high light appeared on the forehead, the rest of the face being lost in gloom. It was clear that there should have been more sidelights and more whites and ambers in the footlights. Another objectionable feature was the tendency for the actors to stand in one plane. I am only too well aware of the fact that there are only three or four paces from the back of the stage to the footlights, but better advantage might easily have been taken of the space available.

The Juniors
"The Betrayal," the Junior's choice, afforded a very welcome relief. This was the finest play of the evening, and it is a pity that the players were unable to rise sufficiently to the occasion. Here one saw a master hand in dramatic technique working with strict economy of word and incident towards a remarkable dramatic climax, while, with a few deft touches as the plot proceeds, the characters of the protagonists are reviled. In the presentation of this play one felt a sense of disappointment that the actors were missing their opportunities.

This was especially so in the case of Mr. Priestley as Morgan Lefroy. His acting was somewhat erratic and it was far too casual. Consequently one felt the tension relaxing when it should have been increasing. This effect was enhanced by a certain monotony of tone and lack of dramatic quality in Miss Black's voice, which was the more to be regretted, because apart from this defect, her acting in such a difficult part was remarkably good. Mr. Fraser as the Bellman was disappointing; he spoke in jerks, and most of what he said was drowned by the indiscriminate clanging of the bell he carried. The moments before the fatal blow fell were badly managed. Surely Morgan Lefroy should have shown signs of greater absorption in the events taking place outside and should not have stood like an expectant pincushion. Nor is it at all probable that he would have fallen without a groan. The time and place for some reason or other were omitted from the programme in the case of all four plays, but presumably the action took place at night or the figures of Peg and Morgan Lefroy would not have been visible to the crowd standing some distance from the house. If that were so, the backdrop was not very successful as it seemed to suggest the rosy hues of a prematurely early dawn, or perhaps this ruddy glow was meant to come from the smithy fire.

The Sophomores
I feel loathe to be drawn into a discussion about Mr. Milne's little "stunt," "The Man in the Bowler Hat." I simply cannot understand how such a play came to be chosen.

would have a very similar feeling if asked to criticise a dramatic performance by a troupe of Martians on an inter-planetary tour.

However, one felt that perhaps Mr. Gibbs as John was attempting to create the correct atmosphere, if there is such a thing in a play of this kind.

"The Valiant"

It was a pleasure to pass on to the Senior play, "The Valiant," in spite of its divided authorship, is a well-made play. The theme, the unknown identity of a condemned criminal was carried along quite convincingly and naturally to a dramatic conclusion.

The most important feature of the acting was its uniformity. One weak member of the cast, especially in a play of this kind, immediately destroys the illusion created by the other actors. The Director, Mr. Gowan, who also played the Warden very effectively, is to be congratulated on having achieved and maintained this artistic balance. The playing of Mr. Borrowman as James Dyke and Miss Roseborough as Josephine Paris naturally made a deeper impression than that of the other actors. Mr. Borrowman managed very successfully to convey to the audience the essential features of Dyke's character as that of a fearless man calmly resigned to his fate, having persuaded himself that he was justified in committing the crime for which he is about to pay the penalty. The scene between Dyke and Josephine was particularly well conceived. Unfortunately, however, it was difficult to hear Miss Roseborough. As was proper, she played the part in a minor key, but she should have contrived to overcome the notoriously bad acoustics of the auditorium. I managed to catch her words fairly well and was struck with the variety of tone and inflection within the limits of the moods imposed by the nature of the part she was playing. Also all her

movements and gestures and her poise were indicative of her state of mind.

The rôle of Father Daly was quite successfully sustained by Mr. Caldwell. His enunciation was particularly clear and his voice had a full and rounded quality which was pleasing to the ear. Especially good was the use he made of his hands, although on occasions the movements were inclined to be somewhat exaggerated and stereotyped. His acting when hovering in the background was also worthy of praise.

Is the use of slang justifiable in a play of this kind? There was one particularly bad moment when the Warden, having said that Dyke "had got his goat," Father Daly replied in a deep voice, quivering with feeling, that he had got his too. Those lines appear to most people to be incongruous and the feeling aroused was foreign to the atmosphere of the play. I am surprised that the Director failed to eliminate that jarring note.

Speaking of the plays as a whole, it is I think, generally conceded that there was a distinct improvement over the performances of last year. During the evening the thermometer played a winning game; at half-time the score was 80 degrees, and the pace showed no signs of slackening. Surely it would be possible on these occasions to make someone responsible for a reasonable temperature in the hall.

The plays followed each other without the very long drawn out intervals we have been wont to expect at these competitions.

A word of appreciation is due to the Executive of the Dramatic Society and to all those unseen helpers who perform the hard and non-spectacular work behind the scenes. Finally our thanks are due to Mrs. Carmichael and the orchestra for their pleasing contribution to the success of the evening.

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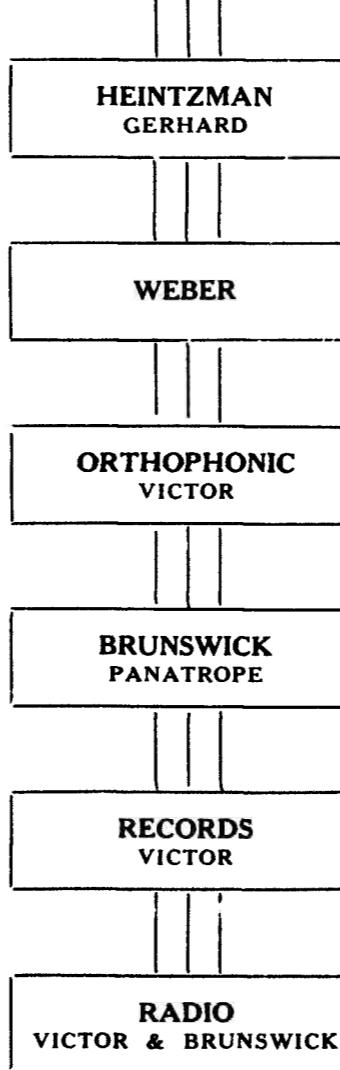
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The Sow's Ear**A Column for the Callow**

Christmas is upon us! Christmas, the gladdest time of all the year! Christmas, the season of goodwill! Christmas, the happy time when man sloughs off his sordid skin of materialism and self! In short, Christmas!

Now should be the time to enlarge upon those foibles which prevent us from feeling that Christmas spirit, that enlargement of the heart, as it were, all the year round. We can't do it. We feel the impulse to be glad, to be generous, to frolic 'neath the mistletoe with damsels as pure and lighthearted as we, to sip punch in Dickensian manner, to play snap-dragon, to clap good old friends heartily on the back with a gladsome shout, to shed a tear over Tiny Tim, to watch the brandy flickering blue on the pudding!

Yoho for Christmas!

The steady flow of contributions to The Sow has made us feel that people must be reading us, and from the high quality of the contributions, undoubtedly the readers are of high quality too. Are you among them? (Advt.)

Never has our opprobrious contemporary had the opportunity of printing such a galaxy of Apollo-inspired poetry as we print herewith.

This first is a delicate satire showing the vigour of Browning and the incisiveness of Pope.

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AEROPERIMETER.

The Ballot of the Co-ed Who Wished to Wed

A touching epic in favor of Applied Science.

"I've played and petted enough," she said,

"I've painted the old town red, And now I'm ready to settle down If you'll show me a man," she said.

So they brought her a coy Arts student

With a tux and a killing glance;

And they said, "Here's the last word in culture

Dressed up for a Varsity dance."

She looked him over with hopeful heart,

For at first he looked a prize.

But at last she said, with a knowing laugh,

"You can't fool me. I'm wise."

And they dragged before her a lusty Ag.

A handsome man enough,

But lacking sartorial elegance—

A diamond in the rough.

But the co-ed became quite definite

In views on country life,

And asserted she'd rather remain a maid

Than become a farmer's wife.

And next they brought—well, you know the type,

They seem to be born and bred With the wavy hair and the hard-boiled smile

That marks the worldly Med.

"He thinks—he thinks that virtue Isn't practised any more,

And even mildly pleasant vice Is becoming a beastly bore."

And so it went till her friends despaired

Of ever pleasing the dear,

Since all that was left of the college hope

Was a rough, tough Engineer.

So they warned her, "He's gay and witty

And a handsome devil as well;

But you say you want a quiet life—

And you know his faculty yell!"

To those in the know, one hardly needs

To tell what the flapper said;

But whatever it was, the Engineer Is now engaged to be wed.

Moral

They may say they want a quiet life, But in spite of the rum and the beer, When the darlings are ready to settle down They fall for an Engineer.

—THE MASTER HAND.

Buttons

Tis one of our saddest cases (And the keeper blotted a tear), But don't be afraid—he's harmless, The poor fellow you see in here.

Once he worked in a laundry, And the world seemed kind and fair, And he happily twisted buttons Off customers' underwear.

But alas, the sky was clouded, And a rift appeared in the lute, When a heartless manufacturer Brought out a buttonless suit.

At first he bore up bravely Under the awful strain, But no laundry worker could stand it,

And something burst in his brain.

Violent? No; in the kitchen

He smiles as he shells the peas; Poor devil, he thinks they are buttons From customers' beeveeeds!

"Boo hoo," sobbed a tot. "Muvver, all the clothes have gone offa my new dolly."

"Sh, dear, big sister wore them to the Prom last night."

In which is suggested methods for improving The Gateway and for expanding it, to the benefit of all concerned.

The students of this University enjoy their newspaper. That fact may be stated with confidence and more than a little pride. The Gateway has improved steadily in the many years of its history, and today it challenges comparison with the very best of its contemporaries.

Reasons for Improvement

Many factors have contributed to this steady development. Improved publishing facilities, the ever-widening sweep of student activities, an organization that is more efficient with every additional year of experience and practice, a more secure business attitude towards the financial aspect and particularly towards the advertising department, are the more obvious explanations for The Gateway's steady improvement. The system of promotions within the staff, ultimately to the editorship, has proved to be one of outstanding merit. Each succeeding editor has incorporated one or two striking ideas in his paper, utilizing at the same time the full value of his previous experience under other leadership.

It is for these reasons that the paper has progressed. The anxiety of the staff now is to maintain the high standard rather than to discover new and unexploited features. I can remember when errors in proof-reading on the front page were regarded as inevitable and hardly worth one's mention. Today a mis-spelt word almost warrants a general staff meeting.

A Few Do the Work

But the present efficiency of the organization and of the staff has another aspect which is too commonly ignored. The Gateway is maintained at its present standard at a very great expense. We very seldom realize the sacrifice of time, pleasure and scholastic recognition involved in the conduct of a staff position. There are eight or ten men on The Gateway staff who work incessantly; this applies to both the editorial and business departments.

It is true of most of our student activities that for the last few years they have made demands upon a small percentage of the students, which are hardly to be equalized by any involved considerations of personal experience and recognition. It is particularly true in connection with The Gateway, where the staff is gripped in an efficient mechanical system which automatically ceases to function when any unit fails. As a result The Gateway staff is working at pressure for six full months, working feverishly—at a hobby.

For these reasons we might expect that the best qualified men would shun the organization. Fortunately the experience has been the reverse. The paper has held the services continually of the men who can do it the most good. But this fact must not incline us to minimize their sacrifices or perils. A revision of organization should be considered immediately and effected as soon as possible.

Solution of the Problem

It is the opinion of the writer that there is a possible solution to these difficulties, a solution which is very likely to be overlooked. I am inclined to believe that the work devolving upon the staff would be materially lessened if they published more papers. I believe the production of a bi-weekly paper would involve less work than does that of a weekly. Similarly when conditions warrant it, a daily paper will make even slighter demands upon our martyred staff.

I do not propose that the standards of journalism should in any detail be lowered; I do not suggest that the appearance of several papers weekly will distract criticism from a single publication.

Overlapping Eliminated

The situation is briefly this: The editorial and business officials are each of them doing two jobs instead of one. The News Editor is supervising the collection of news, as he should; and he is collecting and in many cases writing the news. The Business Manager is directing the finances of the organization, and soliciting ads and collecting copy. The Editor-in-Chief is harrowed beyond all human comprehension with a confused mass of tasks and functions unrelated and incapable of co-operation, a ceaseless round of anxieties that is bleaching the hair on his head.

At the same time what criticism the paper receives runs chiefly along this channel: that too much of the material printed has lost its news

The other day a milk driver in Portland discovered a man slumped against a building, and upon investigation found him to be dead. He was identified as Dr. Albert Schneider, University professor and internationally known criminologist, who had been using his own body as a laboratory specimen in research work to determine the part played by drugs on the human body.

For years Dr. Schneider had delved into the mysteries of the most potent drugs known to science, such as Indian hasheesh, Oriental hemp, and other deadly drugs. It is not known just what caused his death, but friends believe that he was trying some lethal drug on himself and was overcome. It is through the heroism of such men that science has advanced to the state it has today.—The Collegian.

The Gateway

By Spectator

value by the time the paper appears. This is undeniably true. A club meeting on Friday cannot receive news comment until the following Thursday. It is becoming evident that very soon the advantages and difficulties in connection with a bi-weekly paper must be examined.

Two Issues a Week

A return to the effect that the publication of two issues each week is a sorry means of lightening the burden of those who are overworked in producing but one paper, may be

the same time. It will become necessary to use more reporters, more business aides and more technical assistants. A greater number of students will be contributing their time to the maintenance of the paper; if the training is valuable, its value will be the more widely felt.

News will be disseminated twice a week and it will be read as news.

Above all, the staff of the paper will be obliged by the expansion of the work to devote themselves exclusively to their positions of supervision. They will expend a small fraction of the energy they now devote to miscellaneous tasks, to the selection and training of more assistants, and then resume the narrower duties of their posts.

Two Groups of Workers

Their work will be the general supervision of two separate groups of workers. The General News Editor will give his instructions to his news editor, check his work and point out omissions or unwarranted inclusions in the paper's news. He

will not write the news, and then

edit it, and then assist the technical man in reading proof. The Editor-in-Chief will carry the responsibility of direction and leadership, dictate the policy, write a proportion of the editorials, and nothing more. That's enough for any man.

The same applies to the business staff. Work will be delegated to two separate corps of assistants and the managers will restrict themselves to the duties and responsibilities of managers.

There is no dearth of reporters, nor of business assistants, in the student body. Many willing pens are available.

The results would be a better news service for the student body, an even more firmly-knit organization for the work of the paper and an extremely desirable relief for the overworked members of The Gateway staff.

Eventually The Gateway will become a bi-weekly. This article attempts merely to uncover a new argument for that expansion, an argument that because of its nearness to paradox might easily be ignored.



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"THE LIKENESS IS THERE"

University Idiosyncrasies

A FEW INTERESTING NOTES FROM OTHER NORTH AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

Minneapolis, Minn. (IP). — St. Paul police have agreed hereafter to leave cases of psychological nature to University of Michigan authorities.

Mirko J. Rudmann, senior in the College of Education, was apprehended by the police of the twin city just as he was numbering the 2,664th plank on the High Bridge in St. Paul. It was a clear case of insanity, the officers decided. In addition to Rudman's peculiar action, an egg was found in his pocket.

Convinced that their "case" required thorough investigation, the officers put Rudman in a cell overnight.

Somebody had called the police. A man was on the bridge with a gun. When the officers arrived, they found Rudman on his hands and knees half-way across the span, and watched him write number 2,664 on the 2,664th plank.

"He's cracked, all right," the police muttered as they bundled him into their patrol wagon. "Crazy," Captain G. H. Gates wrote on the docket, "Hold for investigation."

The investigation was over with when they found a slip of paper in his pocket marked, "Hell Week Instructions."

He was just a fraternity pledge.

Columbus, Ohio (IP). — "Boys should have more than one girl friend," said Rev. Walter S. James

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in a talk at Y.M.C.A. meeting at Ohio State University, on the subject, "Petting as a Pastime."

"One of the prime duties of a college man," he said, "is to show by living example that the age of chivalry is not dead; and girl friends offer the finest way of developing chivalry in a man."

The Rev. Mr. James pointed out that there are two types of petters, only one of which really can be called a petter. The first type is the man who loves and respects a girl, but does not have sufficient money to marry her. The second is the man who does not care for the girl, but who gets because he thinks it the thing to do.

"This second type," he said, "is the one we should strive to eliminate."

Easton, Pa. (IP). — Was a day when the annual football melee between Lafayette and Lehigh universities, ancient gridiron rivals, meant that the visiting fans must come to town with rocks and mud in their pockets. When they left the field, few of the missiles were left, except as they were embedded in the skins of the rival fans.

Times have changed, however, and when the rivals met this year it was with an ultimatum in mind, signed by student councils of both institutions, stating that the rival colleges were on strictly friendly terms, and that anyone believing and acting to the contrary might expect to get in trouble.

Franklin, Indiana (IP). — Five generations of the Reese family have had intimate connections with Franklin college. Benjamin Reese served on the board of directors from 1841 to 1856, and was vice-president of the institution from 1851 to 1854. His son, the Rev. John Reese, was a member of the board from 1857 to 1884. Later his grandson, B. H. Reese had membership on the board. In 1928 his great-grandson, Ernest Reese, was elected to membership. His great-grandson, Lawrence Reese, is now a sophomore at the college.

Minneapolis, Minn. (IP). — A worker on the new auditorium at the University of Minnesota saved his life when the scaffold fell fifty feet by jumping into an open window. A companion fell to the ground, but was not seriously injured.

University of British Columbia (IP). — The story of a King's grati-

tude to an English girl who, nearly 300 years ago, saved his life, is still being told by an annuity which to this day is being paid to a Professor of English here.

Semi-annually the Canadian professor receives nine pounds five shillings and sixpence from the British government. Two elderly book-sellers are almost as interested in the ancient pension as Dr. Francis E. Waljer himself, for he always spends the money with them.

It is an old story in his family, one that is passed on from father to son, and it tells of a girl ancestor of his who hid the son of Charles I of England when he was in danger from the Roundheads.

Linden, N.J. (IP). — The new station of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in New York will have for the first time a clock—a master clock—operated by radio. The clock is being manufactured here. The radio will set the clock automatically by picking up the time signals from Arlington.

Palo Alto, Calif. (IP). — A University of California student was one of four persons arrested here for carrying "red" banners when President-elect Herbert Hoover reached here on his way to board the Mary-

will" tour.

New York (IP). — The earth will continue to exist for at least a billion more years, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, of the California Institute of Technology, told a gathering of business men here recently. Millikan, who is recognized as the leading American physicist, having been awarded the Nobel Prize for research in isolating the electron, also told the business men that "science, pure science, is the father of all modern industry."

Cleveland, Ohio (IP). — The city of the future will be built on four or five levels, one for each class of traffic, but no one will live in it. The people will live in suburbs as far as 100 miles away and come to their work by airplanes and underground trains in less time than it takes to get downtown from the residential sections today.

Food will no longer be produced by growing plants, but in factories with the aid of sunlight.

People will no longer attend theatres, but will enjoy plays in theatres, but will enjoy plays in their own living rooms through the perfection of radio and television.

The energy of the sun will be harnessed directly to machinery and the labor problem will be solved by abolishing labor. However, a leisure problem may ensue.

These are a few of the things we may expect in the 21st century through the activities of modern science, according to Prof. David Dietz, science editor of the Cleveland Press.

Stanford University, Calif. (IP). — President-elect Hoover was an interested spectator recently as Professor Harris J. Ryan, head of the electric engineering department of Stanford University projected two million volts of electricity across a space of 22 feet.

Washington (IP). — For the first time in history, the entire nation was able to hear the President of the United States read his annual Thanksgiving Day proclamation. President Coolidge delivered his proclamation Sunday evening over a national radio hook-up. He spoke from his private study in the White House.

Lincoln, Nebr. (IP). — Tear gas was used by sophomores in the annual battle between the University of Nebraska freshmen and sophomores. This action led to an official apology being published by the president of the second-year class. The gas attack was not deliberately planned in advance, the sophomore president declared.

**HALAN AND FRADDIE
Or
AN ENGINEER'S SWEETHEART**

"Heh, her, heh! Eef it isn't Fradie yat! Wal, wal, wal. Is lung time seence I saw you, dollink."

"Yi, yi, yi, yi. Please forgeeve, Halan swithot. Wot a secund yirr angineer is extrimly busy, mit medematis mit pheesics mit drawink. Hm-m. Lat' go by de Tock Shop."

"M-m-mm. Cuckanut rulls mit botter mit coffee! Should I go? Dunt esk!"

"Hull right. Is true you bin going by Semmy Schlagenhau seence de last time I saw you?"

"Yi, yi, yi, yi. Wal, you know what dese Vussity boys is. Can I help it Mr. Schlagenhauer should tek out? I'm a Waneda wot I dunt hev to esky you should I goink out!"

"Surry, dollink. Plizz dunt you gattin engry. Wot I'm gredually responsible I should tek you out myself. Is goink to forgeeve me, Halan swithot?"

"Mebbe. But you shouldn't be having like a poppy dog yat."

"Now Halan. Plizz dunt you should tizzing de heminal! Ramamber, eet is Chreestmuss time eggan! Wot I'm gonna buy you a beeg prasunt yat!"

"Yi, yi, yi, yi. Wot it'll gonna wuz, Fraddie?"

"Dunt esk! Moch boeger as de prasunt dei Mock Hentory gave Clippera yat! Heh, heh, heh! Here's de fust censtullment."

"Fraddie! Keesing me! Yi, yi, yi, yi! Hull right, hends huff! Tek det!"

"Ouch, Halan! Wot I deendn't mean no hum! Plizz, dollink. Wot even a Sinior couldn't halp keesing de must beautiful frum de co-ads in dese University!"

"Does rilly think so, Fraddie boy? Hull right, bot dunt lat it gradually heppening egain. End now breeing me a choclut meekl shek."

WOMAN

Beautiful woman, creature divine
That cleans up your pay cheque
Eight months out of nine:
The only creature you may deservy
Who will rob you red-handed
And not bat an eye.

(Old Ballad)

Like as not the man who wrote the above, or seeing that ballads are not written, first sang, chanted, or in other manners or means got it off his chest, was married. Lots of men were, so the chances are that he was.

Now woman, as the frailer sex, demands a champion. I think it would be a rummy idea for The Gateway, which sponsors our little moral craft through the stormy seas of University life, that they should advertise for one such. Being too modest, I wouldn't offer myself for the position. The chances are that the remuneration would not be sufficient.

The following is for the benefit of any would-be contestants. Others need not bother reading.

Helpful Hints

The International Geodetic Society in its 1927 report stated that more than 50 per cent. of the world's population at that moment was female. Hence it seems evident enough that man is in the minority. Though the rights of minorities are to be respected, it is not always feasible, nor even expedient to do so. But pause—look at the aspect of the situation (if it has one)—doesn't it thrill you to think of becoming champion and guardian of the bulk of the human and otherwise race?

Presuming that you read the above and are still foolish enough to consider going on with your plans, let me quote you from the findings of the Committee of Direction. They state that women are divided into two groups, namely, alive and dead. Unfortunately there are none of the second group existing at the present time, so they will not need to enter into the argument. The latter are the ones that require watching.

It has been noted that some of the women are very easy to watch. Others especially so. Most of them appreciate this attention, though it is very unlikely that they will admit it.

Which brings us to another, and very striking feature of the species. They will be obstinate. Did you ever try taking a woman to a show that she did not prefer to see? I never did, but I know some very nice fellows that were utterly wrecked by their experience. All one has to do is to mention "Movies" to them now, and they foam at the mouth. Go into very paroxysms.

Famous Females

Throughout history women have always held an envied position. Not to mention an influential one. Think where Troy might rank amid the Maritime Powers of the present day world if it hadn't been just their Trojan luck to encounter Helen of

the curls. Where would Sheba be today if it hadn't rejoiced in the possession of a red-hot Queen some three thousand years ago? I ask you? (Answer: At the same position that Abyssinia is today, if that will be any help.) Our mutual friend Cleopatra started off the late Mark Antony on the primrose pathway, and insured the since deceased Julius Caesar a place in the ranks of history as one of those strong, silent he-men. If Anne of Austria hadn't made quite a name for herself, Kipling might have been hard hit for a heroine for one of his Barrack Room Ballads. If the queen of the same name hadn't reigned on the throne of England some centuries ago a certain popular beverage would be begging for a name at the present date. Ask any ordinary mortal who Prince Albert was, and he'll give you one of two answers, either

(1) A popular blend of pipe tobacco, or
(2) The name applied to the coat dad wore when he was married.

But mention Queen Victoria, and immediately he can tell you a whole lot of things.

Modern Marvels

Woman seems to be quite a figure (no pun) right in these, our own modest modern times. Ask the manufacturers of rayon silk—they know. Better still, ask the man that keeps one—he ought to. Consider the chorus of the famous wartime song, which the flappers of 1917 warbled to the soldiers:

Your arms are our defence,
Our arms your recompense,
Fall in.

All women are so strikingly different. Most of them are especially so. Go into any drug store and look at the range in rouge that they carry. It must have taken a genius years and years, working night and day, to think up all the names for different shades of silk.

If Darwin is right, then man sprang from apes at some unknown

THE CYCLE

And after that the dark—
The Unknown which had sent him forth
Called to him, and he went
Down a new way to That which had been his
Before the rift in our Eternity
Had shown him to the world. A little while
He tasted Being—then
The Ceaseless Voice that called him out to Life
Bade him return.

A bar for the sale of alcoholic beverages has been opened in the refreshment room of the Royal Albert Institute, Windsor, England, and has earned the support of the Dean of Windsor, Dr. A. Baile. The Dean's attitude is that it is much better for drinking to be done in good company and under proper control than in questionable resorts.

This innovation has earned the approbation of Colonel C. R. Grant, general secretary of the Toc H, Great Britain's foremost war memorial society. Colonel Grant said, "I think people will drink, and it is much better to drink in decent company than to go away by themselves and load up." —Columbia Spectator.

date of prehistoric times. He didn't say anything concerning women, and on this point the Britannica is strangely, or wisely, silent. I presume that they followed. Those that show the simian extraction to the greatest degree are known as the clinging vine type. Which really doesn't mean a great deal, however, for you can't tell from appearances. Woman's place is to serve as the recipient of the odd pay-check, kisses and gallantry. The latter is of two varieties, ordinary and Varsity. The latter of these is by far the most distinctive, also much rarer.

—PHILOGYNIST.

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SPORTS



Varsity Team Suffers Setback In First Hockey League Game

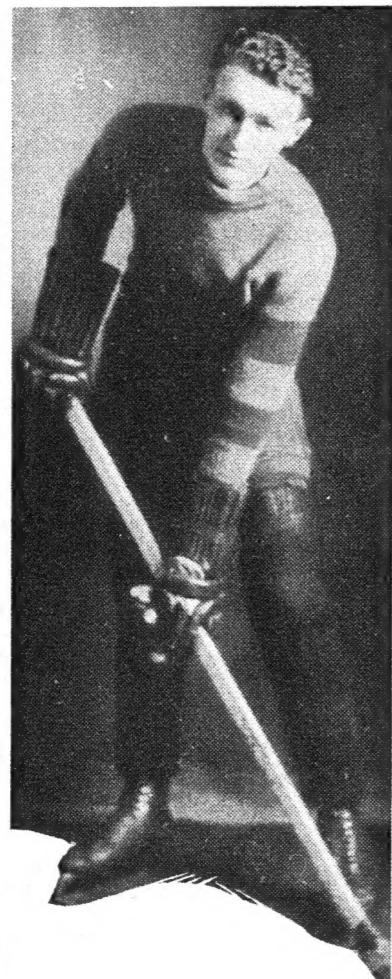
New Players Show Up Well—Maple Leafs Have Their Strongest Team Ever—Win Was Well Earned—Next Game Saturday

Supporters of Varsity's senior hockey team received a distinct shock on Saturday night, when the boys were handed a 7-3 trimming by the Maple Leafs. The Leafs were worth their win, but they were fortunate that they finished with such a big lead. It is true they outplayed the Varsity boys. Time after time they swept down the ice, three abreast, to baffle the students' defence and work in on the goal. On the other hand, the Varsity's forwards were met by such an airtight defence that for the most of the time they had to be satisfied with shooting from the blue line. But two of the Leafs' goals were the result of decided flukes, and were pure tough luck for Varsity.

First Period

The game started slow. After three minutes of individual sallies, Jim Kinney, the Leafs' rangy defence man, registered the first tally of the evening, when he hoisted a long one towards Kemp, and then batted in the rebound. On the face-off, McMullan for the Maple Leafs tore up the boards, and let drive with a long one that nestled in the hemp for the second counter. It was an easy goal, and should never have beaten Kemp. With this, the Green and Gold squad got down to serious business. Kelz and Willins came down the ice together, and Kelz gave Willins the

HOCKEY CAPTAIN



CONGRATULATIONS!

(The following is a letter received by the manager of the rugby team from the City Council.)

December 1st, 1928.

Mr. Roy Thorpe,
Manager, Varsity Football Team,
c/o University of Alberta,
Arts Bldg., Edmonton South.

Dear Sir:

Re Varsity Football Team

At its last meeting on Monday, the 26th instant, Council by resolution requested me to convey to you and the team the very hearty congratulations of Council upon the remarkable success achieved by the team in its games at Winnipeg, Saskatoon and the Pacific Coast.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I discharge this duty. May I on my own behalf and that of my fellow Commissioner add our personal congratulations to those of the Council, and express the hope that the team will in future years sustain the reputation which it has built up.

With kindest regards,
Yours very truly,
A. U. G. BURY,
Mayor.

ENTHUSIASM HIGH IN LADIES' HOCKEY

Plenty of Material on Hand Already—Several Old Stars Back Again

On Monday, Dec. 3rd, ladies' hockey got under way with all the enthusiasm that marked activities at the end of last season. Coach Red McLean says the elusive pill is due for a hectic time with most of the girls as hard as nails after five weeks of hard training in the gym. All the old team with the exception of Fran McMillan are at it again, stronger than ever. Fran's loss is keenly felt, and her shoes as goalkeeper will be hard to fill, but with forty brand new pilchasers to choose from, the outlook is a rosy one. Gert Connors, past manager and all-round star of two years' standing, is with us once more. Also Ursula McLatchie, brilliant defence player of the Calgary Tigers and the U. of A., is in fine form, and her experience, speed and enthusiasm will be valuable assets.

With a start so far ahead of last year's, this is one team that will be hard to stop. Wait and watch, and when the time comes go and root. That's all—the girls will do the rest.

SPORTING SLANTS

If one may be presumptuous enough to forecast events, the Varsity hockey team will be in the play-off. It is a bit early to prophesy, but after the systematic effort our team put forward Saturday night, our conclusion is a good gamble.

Saturday night's game was far superior to the first game played last year. At no time in the game were there any signs of disorganization. For sixty minutes the team put into it everything they had, and in the first two periods they played better hockey than at any time last year. Every man shadowed his opponent and clung to him so closely as to render him useless, and it was only when the Maple Leafs got the breaks that they proved dangerous.

The shooting of Varsity was a feature of the game. There were very few wild shots, and the players waited until they were in on top of the goalie before they let the rubber go. The goal obtained by Willins was the result of one of the prettiest efforts in the game. Slipping past Powers and Kinney, he remained perfectly calm and collected, bulging the hemp only after he had drawn the wily Castagner from his lair. Buchanan's goal was also of the stellar type. He drew the goalie after sailing down the left boards and leaving Kinney flat-footed. Castagner never saw the puck that left Runge's stick for another tally.

The defeat was not so bad as the score would indicate. This seems like the old story of the vanquished retold. But after one considers that the Maple Leafs, last year's league winners, have a stronger team than ever before and that two of the goals they obtained, one from Kelz's skate and the other put in by Kemp himself, were lucky breaks, their victory was not so decisive as was predicted.

Pal Powers, one of last year's Varsity team, was wearing Maple Leaf colors Saturday night. He proved to be more than one-sixth of the team. He seems to have learned a great deal at the Coast. His stride has increased, which gives him a greater burst of speed. He has also brought home a little bag of tricks so skillfully concealed that even Stevens was hoodwinked. And the rub comes when one remembers that he is a Varsity graduate, the average graduate being reckoned a clean sport. A man possessing such ability as he need not rely on such trickery.

The rooting was rotten. Where is the spirit that was so much in evidence two weeks ago? A whole section should be reserved (and filled) Saturday night to see Varsity take the Sups into camp.

INTERFAC. MOGULS ORGANIZE LEAGUE

Frank Edwards Chosen as Head —Aggies to Pair Up with Com-Law

On Tuesday, Dec. 4, a meeting was held to organize interfaculty hockey. After much discussion it was decided to have a four-team league, as in former years, so as to bring as many players into action as possible. Owing to the large registration in Science this year, it was found advisable to place the Aggies with Commerce and Law, the two smaller clubs. The Engineers were sorry to lose their old side-kicks, the Aggies, but claim that they will be leading the league despite the fact.

To Start After Xmas

On account of senior tests and finals looming near, the league will not be started until after Christmas vacation. Each team will have two practices before Christmas, and this should give them a lineup on their material. There will be four games a week, each team having two games. This should do much to keep interest up, and it sure looks like a tight race for the league leadership.

Strong League Looked For

Com-Law-Ag have Chard, Price,

Joly, Cameron and several dark horses lined up. Arts-Pharm look

strong with Driscoll, King, Harrigan,

Bayne, Timothy and Griesdorf. The

Med-Dents claim that they will take

the hockey as they did the rugby,

but the question is: will they? They

have "Hav" MacLennan, "Demon

Dave" Nol, Gig Dobson, Nevezis,

Hodgson and Cousineau. The En-

gineers look stronger than ever with

Hornquist, Ross, Lees, Thompson,

INTERFAC. HEAD



"SKIVERS" EDWARDS

Who has been selected to watch over the destinies of the interfaculty hockey league this season. "Skiv" is well known around the University in interfaculty athletic circles, having starred in interfaculty hockey and rugby. He is another 'Scona High product, having played hockey on that institution's teams.

Batson, Donaldson and Skivers, not to mention the wild man, Dionne.

On the whole, every team looks stronger than last year, and hopes

are high for a real interfaculty

league this year. Each club is being

asked to contribute towards buying

hockey sticks for their team, and this

should clear up any mixup this year

regarding shortage of sticks.

A Choice Morsel

"Vancouver has thrown itself open to him. He can break all speed laws and if stopped is immediately released by the policeman with 'Good-night, Mr. Williams, we are all glad you did so much for Canada.' In every restaurant he enters his check is taken away from him, and after a few words he is bowed to the door. If ever anyone was worshipped it's Percy."

The above was spoken by a member of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Fraternity of B.C. University as we chased a Graham-Paige coach down one of Vancouver's foggy streets. We had just come from dinner at the Frat house where Percy and we were the guests. It was there that we saw the "World's fastest human" in his true light. Small, unobtrusive but congenial, he chatted about his feet and his Amsterdam trip as though it were an everyday occurrence. And it was with a laugh that he negated the reports of American papers that he would run in New York at Christmas. And as far as a university course in the States was concerned, he told us to disregard everything.

Of his Amsterdam trip he was very jubilant, and recounted queer stories of events that had happened over there. He hinted that much that was written about American antagonism was in his mind propaganda and paper-talk. The papers had to be fed. In one report in particular he pointed out its falsity. Canada, he said, never had a chance in the four hundred metre relay and Canada knew it.

That night we feasted on venison. At the round-table the dozen happy Frat boys showed an esprit de corps foreign to us from a place where residences are common. Our evening's experience was a choice morsel.

—they're
"LaFleche-Built."

A Personality

THAT PEOPLE REMEMBER

A DEFINITE, worth-while purpose is the surest compass a young man can rely upon in directing his course through life. If you back it up with all the resources at your command the goal will be attained . . . it is not necessary to be a genius to be a success. It is essential, however, that you cultivate a personality that works for you and not against you.

THE impression you make—the imprint of your individuality on the minds of those you meet counts for much . . . the nondescript, in personal appearance and bearing, are quickly forgotten . . . all of which explains why University young men, wherever you find them, are instinctively custom tailored in their clothes ideals, in preference to ready-mades. They stand out from the crowd—their personality makes an impression people remember.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

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OF THE UNIVERSITY



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The rooting was rotten. Where is the spirit that was so much in evidence two weeks ago? A whole section should be reserved (and filled) Saturday night to see Varsity take the Sups into camp.

OLD TIMERS DEFEAT SENIOR B.B. TEAM

Youngsters Fall Beneath 31-20
Score—Pullishy Stars For Winners

Another annual Old Timers vs. Varsity Senior Basketball fixture has gone into history. The tussle took place on Tuesday evening in the Upper Gym, and resulted in a 31-20 win for the representatives of the older generation. We have seen faster and better games, but for the first encounter of the season it was not too bad at all. The Varsity squad were provided with some good stern opposition, which is just what is needed now to round the boys into shape for the winter campaign. And the Old Timers failed completely to exhibit signs of age and decrepitude, as might have been expected. It was a fair struggle, and the veterans won on their merits. The playing of Pullishy in particular was quite up to par. Twenty of his team's thirty-one points were a donation from Bill. Some of the prettiest plays of the evening were his. Without him it would have been a mediocre exhibition at best. Parney and Gowda were also noticeably there, and with the aid of the redoubtable Wally Sterling, boosted the team's average to heights unknown. Coach Sterling was perhaps the busiest man on the floor. For besides putting in the odd basket for the Old Timers and generally worrying his opponents, he had to keep an eye on the work of his protégés and manage the changes in lineup to boot. This difficult double role he filled well, showing that in more ways than one knows this game.

Varsity Looks Good

It is a promising bunch of athletes that Wally has to work with. Of last year's seniors, Brynildson, Shandro, Siebert and Donaldson were all very much in evidence on Tuesday. The veteran Greenlees proved his worth, and Carscallen perfectly justified his promotion from intermediate ranks. Three new lads on the team—Miller, McConachie and Coffin—all shaped up well, and with a little seasoning will prove valuable men.

We would hesitate to say who turned in the best game against the Old Timers—the scoring was almost evenly divided, and team work excellent, though passing was a bit slow at times. The same fault would of course apply to the other team. If any players shone above the others they were Brynildson and Shandro. These two lads played a nifty brand of basketball, and are sure to go again this season.

As Things Went

Varsity began strong when "Obey" O'Brien blew the starting whistle. Greenlees and Brynildson broke into the scoring column to put Varsity four points up, after an Old Timers rush had failed. But Pullishy and

BASKET GETTER



R. K. BRYNILDSON

Who proved himself an effective player in the Varsity-Old Timers game last Tuesday evening. Bryn has played senior basketball ever since his arrival here (some time ago?) and he is all ready to go again.

Wally Sterling soon accounted for three baskets to put their team in the lead, which from this point they never lost. Before the half was out Pullishy gathered in four more points, and Gowda gleaned three, while all the Green and Gold could do was add one point to their total, when Shandro netted a penalty shot. The half-time score therefore was 13-5.

In the second half the game began to grow a little more lively, and shots rained in (at times) on both baskets. But the Old Timers' offensive seemed to be the more successful one, for the Varsity boys soon found themselves down 23-11. A determined effort brought the standing back to 23-18, and the handful of roosters were beginning to take heart, when the octogenarians escaped again and assaulted the Varsity citadel for four more baskets before they were recaptured. Having opened hostilities, Varsity had to finish them, so Donaldson said the last word with a lone basket, which made the final total read 31-20.

The lineups follow:

Varsity—Shandro (7), Donaldson (4), Greenlees (2), Miller, McConachie (3), Coffin, Carscallen, Siebert, Brynildson (4). Total, 20.

Old Timers—Stanton, Sterling (4), Parney (4), McDonald, Pullishy (20), Gowda (3), Haliburton, Dunsforth. Total, 31.

Referee—"Obey" O'Brien.

NOTICE

On account of sickness prevalent around the University, and even among the usually healthy members of the Swimming Club, it has been deemed advisable to postpone the swimming meet until after the Xmas holidays. The meet had been arranged for Saturday, December 15, with the West End and South Side swimmers as Varsity's opponents.

basket, which made the final total read 31-20.

The lineups follow:

Varsity—Shandro (7), Donaldson (4), Greenlees (2), Miller, McConachie (3), Coffin, Carscallen, Siebert, Brynildson (4). Total, 20.

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Referee—"Obey" O'Brien.

U. B. C. versus Alberta

BY A U.B.C. SUPPORTERESS

(Being an excerpt from a letter written by a young Vancouver co-ed to her father, after the last rugby game.)

It was just heartbreaking. Wentworth played, and surely was a great addition to the swiftness of the team, but we just failed to have the breaks. At half-time the score was 2-1 in favor of Alberta—in the new game. The next quarter Varsity U.B.C. made a beautiful touchdown (Shields responsible). The grandstand, which was well packed, fairly went wild. Never have I ever heard such wild shrieking voices, lost amongst the frightful general roar. Varsity roosters hooted, pounded, stamped, screamed and threw wild arms in every direction—what did it matter on whose neck? or whose back? It was actually a touchdown!

With renewed hope and vigor the U.B.C. ruggers pressed on again—remember, Alberta U. had a 8-point lead to begin with—on, on, gradually inch by inch—then finally to be pressed back till on a fumble they lose the ball. Down, down. Oh, get that man! An end! Oh, can't someone get him? Yes, Cokie hauls him to the ground—25 yards to go. Alberta U. kicks—Cokie receives behind the line—three Albertans appear on all sides. If he moves he will be tackled to score a rouge. What will he do? Cokie takes a wild chance—he kicks the ball back—anywhere just as long as it is away from behind that line. Nine times out of ten the ball would have been secured by a team mate—but luck scored against them, and the hideous thing fell beautifully into an Albertan's lap. What does he do? A clear field before him—a touchdown for Alberta! Dead silence followed, not a soul uttered a word. Were they dreaming? Cokie, with drooping shoulders, walked dismally into the centre of his team mates, who did their level best to cheer him—when suddenly there burst a "Sis, Boom, Bah, Varsity, Rah, Rah, Rah." Thus assured, the U.B.C. again pressed on, during which play Cokie made a beautiful run. Wentworth made another spectacular dash—to what avail? A fumble, and lost possession! Incredible to the onlookers, yet true. Three-quarter time—on, on, both teams fighting inch by inch. "Hess (Alta.) kicking!" "Shields kicking!" sang out the megaphone. Would they never get over that centre? Oh, Varsity! Just ten more points to win! "Four minutes to go," again called the megaphone. Whatever is happening? Varsity fumble—Alberta makes an end run—touchdown! Then the whistle blew. It was over—over. Alberta 13-6. Nil desperandum! "Sis Boom Bah! Alberta," followed by "Kitsilano, Kitsilano!" all proved that the loyal supporters were ready to again call their team to victory. So, after the game, there were many sad faces turning away from Athletic. Most of them turned their steps to the Arts '32 Tea Dance at the Pavilion—there to drown their sorrows in stepping the "light fantastic." Later Hess and his Alberta team mates appeared, and said that never in the history of their games have they ever met such a stiff team. Hess said he had never seen so many brilliant tackles, and that with more experience U.B.C. would have a wonderful team.

HOUSE LEAGUE IS SUSPENDED

Will Operate Again After Xmas
—Prominence of Tests Causes Suspension

Elks Next Opponents

Next Tuesday night Varsity meets the Elks in their first encounter this season. If the Superiors succumb to the Varsity attack on Saturday night, it is probable that the Elks will do likewise, as there is apparently not much to choose between the two teams. Of course the Elks have the advantage of weight, and their aggressive checking is likely to prove a hard nut for our boys to crack, but Varsity seems to have got the habit of cracking hard nuts lately—witness the Hardy and Cairn's trophies!

Leafs Likely to be Difficult Proposition

On Saturday night, December 22nd, comes the big test; for on that night Varsity meets the Maple Leafs for the second time this year. The gang is out for blood in this game, and is firmly resolved to erase the defeat received at the Leafs' hands last week. Already warlike oaths and threats, presaging the result of the coming struggle, are to be heard from the members of the team. If their spirit counts for anything, they will accomplish the downfall of the Leafs. Between now and that time the boys will be training and practising hard under the able direction of Coach Broadfoot. It is to be surmised that this training is all that is required to develop one of the best teams in the league, which may at

least obtain a place in the final play-offs.

The team regard their loss to the Leafs last Saturday as almost inevitable under the circumstances. For one thing, the lineup was not assured until the day of the game through lack of ice for practices and try-outs. In addition to this, four of the boys are absolutely new to senior hockey. Thus the team could not be expected to function as smoothly as when in mid-season form. They will be hitting their stride within the next few days, however, and should be able, with reasonable breaks, to show the Leafs a thing or two about hockey.

THREE CHEERS!

Our success in sports this fall has in no small measure been due to the excellence of organized cheering. Under the able leadership of Mr. D. McDonald, the Rooters' Club has started once again to function as it should. In the rugby games this year we have seen what a little good cheering will do in a crucial moment. We hope that this good work will be continued throughout the hockey season, and that everybody will give Mr. McDonald their hearty support. Don't forget that fifty fans cheering in a closed rink can be as effective as 250 in the bleachers.

GUS A. RUNGE.

INTERMEDIATE BOYS ENTER HOCKEY LOOP

Six Teams to Compete—No Schedule Yet Arranged—Varsity Ready

The intermediate hockey team is beginning the season by linking up with the Edmonton Intermediate League. This loop is to be composed of six teams, all of which are Edmonton aggregations, with the exception of one from Camrose. Besides Varsity, the city teams include the Navy, the South Side, the Young Hebrews and Lelands. Up to date, no schedule of games has been drawn up, but it is expected that definite arrangements will be made some time next week. The league is arousing considerable interest among Varsity fans, and it should certainly provide some exciting and worth while games.

Varsity Lineup Indefinite

The Varsity lineup has not yet been announced, but it is probable that the old timers will be on deck as of old, with Nicol and Gardner playing defense, and Herron, Edwards and Moody on the forward line. Either Ross or Cousineau will be taking charge of the nets. Among the Fresh prospects, Lees, Maynard, and McConachie, who is a former Victoria High school star, are outstanding. The first practice takes place on Friday at 5:30, and all would-be pucksters are urged to be on hand for a try-out.

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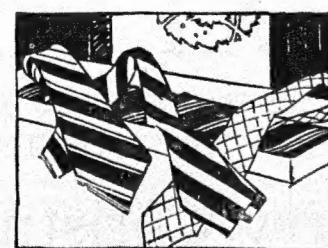
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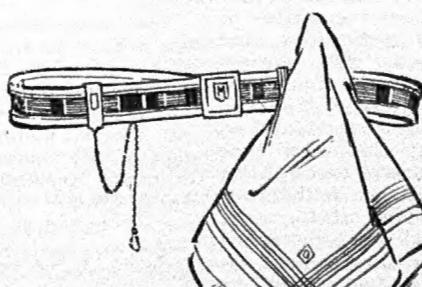
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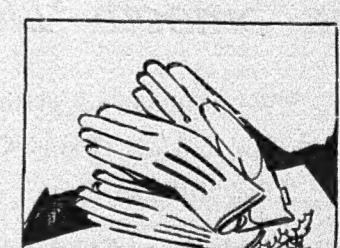
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THE BOYS' SHOP

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VARSITY TEAM SUFFERS SETBACK IN FIRST HOCKEY LEAGUE GAME

(Continued from Page 12)

new men, stickhandled through the whole of the Leafs' team to send in

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The college men's preference when good clothes are worn.

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the tying counter as the bell rang.
Second Period

After the first period the result was never in doubt. Soon after the start of the period, Kinney took a pass from Groves to score on a pretty piece of combination. In a few minutes Kinney again registered on a long shot from the blue line to make the score read 4-2 for the Leafs.

Gus Runge renewed the hopes of the Varsity supporters when he slid up the left boards and let drive a fast one from a hard angle that beat Castagner. The Leafs were not content with a one-point lead, however, and on a two-man rush, Moher took a pass in front of the goal and slid the puck past Kemp for the last score of the period.

Third Period

For the first few minutes of the last period, the Varsity boys looked dangerous. On three successive occasions they came within an eyelash of scoring, but were denied each time. Collingwood settled the struggle when he tore through the Varsity team for a goal that Kemp had no chance to save. Just before the final gong the Leafs added to their total when they scored in a scramble in front of the Varsity's goal.

It was a good game of hockey from start to finish, but the heavy ice told on the players, who still need plenty of training to get in shape.

On the Varsity lineup, Buchanan,

Runge and Willins were the pick.

For the Leafs Kinney and Powers on

defence, and Beatty and Powers for

wards, were the evening's choice.

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All hats greatly reduced—Gold and Silver Lace, Metallic Brocade, Felts and Velours. Priced from \$1.95 to \$10.00 (reg. \$5 to \$18).

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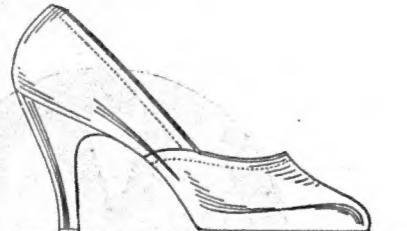
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THE STUDENTS' UNION

At the last meeting of the Students' Council it was decided to postpone the meeting of the Union, which has been scheduled for today, until early in the New Year. The postponement was required in order that when the meeting is held, the Council may have all the facts of the Union's financial standing in its hands, and these will not be available for a few days.

At the meeting which will be held early in January, a new constitution to replace the Students' Court will be presented for discussion. Although this is not yet drawn up, it is expected that it will propose the establishment of a disciplinary committee to handle expeditiously all minor charges, and will retain the Students' Court as it now stands only for the handling of more serious cases.

The new Students' Union constitution, which was accepted last month by the Union, will become current on January 1st.

N.F.C.U.S. Conference Will Be Held At Queen's, Dec. 26-29

Miss Anna Wilson Will Represent the U. of A. at Important Gathering—Percy Davies is N.F.C.U.S. Secretary—Delegates from Important Student Organizations Will Attend

On December 26, 27, 28, 29, 1928, the Annual Conference of the N. F. C. U. S. will be held at Queen's University, Kingston. Representatives from each university in the Dominion will attend the Conference. Alberta's delegate will be Miss Anna Wilson, President of the Students' Union.

Delegates from all the important student organizations in the world will attend. Representatives from the International Confederation of Students, National Union of Students of England and Wales, Student Representative Councils of Scotland, National Student Federation of America and the Students' Christian Movement in Canada will meet the representatives from all of our Canadian universities.

The business that will be discussed at the Conference is of the utmost importance to the Canadian universities. The report of the N. F. C. U. S. representative to the annual conference of the International Confederation of Students held in Paris last summer, will be read to the meeting. An invitation to the N. S. F. A. for a debating team to tour Canada in the spring of 1930 is another point of interest. Alberta's contribution to the agenda of the Conference will be to ask for a discussion of fraternities. It is hoped to form an all-Canadian Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union, and this point will be discussed. The scheme of exchanging undergraduates will be arranged with a view to bringing this idea into reality.

Percy Davies, graduate from the University, will attend the Conference.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE

ANNA WILSON

President of the Students' Union, who will represent the University of Alberta at the congress of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, which will be held at Kingston during Christmas week.

The Forum

"BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST"

On Thursday, Dec. 6, "His Majesty's Government" led by "Premier" Don Mackenzie, moved in open forum the resolution that "It is better to have loved, and lost."

This far-reaching piece of legislation was debated for two hours in the Men's Common Room of the Arts Building before it was finally put to the vote and carried by small majority.

In his presentation of the case the leader of the Government led off with the statement that the resolution had first been moved many years ago by no less a distinguished authority than Lord Alfred Tennyson:

I feel it when I sorrow most,
"Tis hold it true whate'er befall,
"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

In its present motion the Government had revised the resolution as stated with special emphasis on the comma after loved.

The leader gave a careful definition of the words in the resolution. "Tis" was the abbreviation of "it is," not the foot-salve of that name.

"Love" was from the Anglo-Saxon "luffian" and "lost" was from "leas," the Anglo-Saxon for "to free."

He pointed out the geometrical advantages of love. It makes a woman angle and gives a man a line. He quoted many of the poets on the subject of love as a source of happiness, and even read some lines by a member of Class '30.

"We all love, we all wish to love, but having loved it is better to lost because to lose is to be free."

Ken Mackenzie led the Opposition in a vigorous attack on the resolution. He took issue with the leader of the Government on the matter of his quotations and definitions, and strongly deprecated the motives which underlay the resolution. "Under a hypocritical guise of benevolence," he said sternly to the Government leader, at the same time offering him a cigarette and lighting it for him, "you have deliberately falsified the etymology of the word 'lost'." He assailed the scholarship of the leader of the Government, asserting that all the etymological derivations of the words in the resolution were absurdly inaccurate.

Max Wershof took issue with the leader of the Opposition. He threw further light upon the derivations in dispute, and proceeded to launch a vitriolic attack upon the Opposition's campaign.

R. V. Clark took up once more the question of derivations with wit and acumen directed against the Government. He then perpetrated a pun, and was called to order by the speaker.

He claimed that the leader of the Government's geometrical definition of love lacked point, the very basis of geometry, and he feared that the honorable gentleman had mistaken one word "luffian" for "luffian," advocating a policy of loving for a day and riding away.

He was followed by Mr. MacMillan,

who told some alluring stories about kissing.

Mr. Mackilicudie gave half-a-dozen personal anecdotes of occasions when he had loved and lost, first his heart, then his head, and finally his pocketbook and ideals.

Messrs. Grenier, Johnson, Argue and May then spoke respectively on religion, bonds (or blondes), and the characteristics of the Scotchman.

Miss Leyda Sstrap doubted whether any member of the Government or Opposition knew anything about love, and finally Don Mackenzie wound up with an impassioned appeal for the ladies present to vote for "love" and "freedom," which they did.

On a motion of the house, the subject of debate for the next Forum, to be held Jan. 8th, was, "Resolved that Canada should take immediate steps to become an integral part of the United States," following which the meeting adjourned.

MANY YEARS AGO

(Continued from page three)

a.m. the office is closed, at 10 o'clock the mail is not sorted, and at 11 the Head of the Extension Department is phoning and consequently there is room for no one else. Now it seems most unreasonable to suppose that a Freshman can give that earnest attention to his lecturer that he would like to give, or enjoy his lunch with that profit to himself and corresponding loss to the dining-room, which is wont to happen if he feels that possibly a letter from mother is calmly reposing in the "office" and likely to remain there until 1 p.m.

The members of the Faculty are in somewhat better position as their letters are sorted and placed in the library, where they can be indexed—that of the bachelor members being placed under Fiction and the mail of the married members under Bills and Accounts.

April 1, 1915—

The Dramatic Society

The Dramatic Society is one of the oldest societies in the University. In the past it has rendered good service, stimulating interest in the various types of dramatic art, both by representation on the stage and by papers read before the society.

The session of 1914-15 was devoted to the study of Shakespeare. An introductory lecture was given by Mr. R. K. Gordon, which revealed the mansidedness of the great dramatist's art. Papers were also read by Miss Buchanan on "The Women in the Comedies," by H. R. Leaver on "The Clowns in the Comedies," and by F. G. Young on "Typical Englishmen in the Historical Plays." D. H. Telfer dealt with the three Roman plays. Interest was stimulated by the acting of special scenes illustrating the papers. In his paper on "Shakespearian Tragedy in Theatre," Mr. Adam showed a miniature theatre of the Elizabethan type.

ACROSS SIXTEEN YEARS

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such questions no form of art is worth while. As it is, we have at present in our western university life too little aesthetic influence. Not repression but direction is requisite. Universities have always—and properly—been associated with the representation of drama. Although drama belongs fundamentally to literature, it is, like music, a composite art: it is nothing until the actor gives it utterance. As evidence of this, no doubt many will adduce their experience of the recent Shakespearian performances in the city. As I recall these and contemplate my various experiences on the University stage, there comes the reinforced conviction that if we wish to make real progress in our stage representations more regard will require to be paid to expressive reading and effective public speaking. Every time an English company comes to town, their lines are so well spoken that the accomplishment seems to have come by chance. It is this haphazard attitude that renders so much of the speaking monotonous, mechanical and unpleasing. The Dramatic Society might well set itself the task of trying to amend this defect which is the most outstanding drawback to our productions. It is the task which in the end would best justify the society's activity.

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